PROSPECTS,

IN FOUR BOOKS.

POEMS.

POEMS,

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONGS, PASTORALS, SATYRS, &c.

AND A DESCRIPTIVE POEM IN FOUR BOOKS, CALLED

PROSPECTS.

BY THE REVEREND

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE following Poem claims the attention of the Reader to the truth of it's deſcriptions; from Nature the Proſpects were faithfully delineated, and in general from the moſt pleaſing and pictureſque appearances of the Rural Landſcape; as a Compoſition of meaſured Numbers, it attempts in general a ſyſtem of melodious metre, flowing, muſical,

and void of harſh ſounding words; for the Writer endeavoured to harmonize the Verſification to the feelings of thoſe who poſſeſs tuneful ears, and exactneſs of Taſte in reading and ſmoothly accenting the lines of Poetry.

The Latin among antient Languages, among the modern the Italian being ſo juſtly praiſed for the harmonious ſounds of their Verſe

and

and words in recitation, the Author of this Poem wiſhes to prove that the Engliſh Tongue is capable of ſweetneſs of Numbers, not exceeded in any Language---It diſclaims the aſſiſtance of Rhyme ---Blank verſe not long ſince was ſubjected to a rough Tenor and ſtyle of Compoſition, which was even thought by ſome to be neceſſary to it's formation; Poets deſpairing

pairing of their ſkill or ſucceſs in removing bad Qualities and diſadvantages ſo evident to *their* diſcernment, were diſcouraged from writing in this pureſt mode of Poetry ; Many Readers have been found to attribute the praiſe of Harmony to the moſt diſcordant lines, ſuch was the perverſion of Taſte, and deficiency of Muſical Judgment ; and thus a Sanction was given to harſh and unpoliſh'd Verſification ;

ſification; From time to time They whoſe ears were offended by jargon of Engliſh blank Verſe, had recourſe to Rhyme to ſupply the failure of harmonious Numbers; and the latter mode of poetry became in conſequence moſt frequent and prevalent;---However in the preſent day it muſt be allowed, our Language is ſo much improved, and ſo remarkably copious, that Words of pleaſ-

ing

ing Sound are always to be found by an attentive Verſificator, and that Engliſh Metre needs not the ſubterfuge of Rhyme to ſupply an agreeable melody to the Reader's ear.

It is neceſſary for the Author of the following Poem to avow an Intention of adhering to Simplicity, of avoiding bombaſt, and obſcurity, the latter of which is too often connected with

blank

blank Verſe; It is left to others to decide whether He has properly ſucceeded in this Endeavour without any diminution of the Dignity of Verſe, without deſcending from the lofty heights of poetry to the humble regions of common Proſe.

It is an eſſential Quality of the Deſcriptive to be eaſily underſtood; Nature requires to be cloathed in a ſimple and unſtudied dreſs; affec-

tation

tation and pedantry ſhould be excluded from every Poem ; an appearance of Labour ſpoils the effect ; In Deſcription, the Objects ſhould be readily conveyed from one Imagination to another ; It is a miſtaken rule of Taſte to ſuppoſe an Excellence contained in obſcure tranſpoſals of words and phraſes ;---Immoderate length of Sentences is not leſs liable to objection ; Where ſuch

Qualities

Qualities are predominant they ne-
ver fail to produce diſguſt ; For the
Images, reflected from the Poet's
fancy, that ought to flaſh on the
Imagination of others, brightly and
fully communicated, glimmer but
faint thro' the lengthened ſpace of
a tardy peruſal ; and tho' after ſome
inveſtigation they may diſcover,
amidſt darkneſs, dawning gleams
of Beauty, ſuch are interruptedly

deprived

deprived of a ſplendid and powerful effect.

Should this Poem be deemed proſaic, Even ſuch a Defect is more tolerable in the Deſcriptive, than that of Bombaſt, or Obſcurity; for in ſimple proſe, the Scenes of Nature truly deſcribed may pleaſe the Fancy, but in Poetry ſcarce intelligible muſt fail of their effect.

No other Poem or writing whatſoever

ſoever is here imitated; This was written ſolely for the amuſement of a leiſure hour, and its origin was an Indulgence of the Fancy in viewing the Rural Landſcape.

Without further delay it is preſented to the Reader.

P. S. It may be neceſſary to mention the date of this Poem, namely, that it was finiſhed early in the Year 1784.

PROSPECTS.

BOOK I.

TUMULTUOUS world of buſy care, farewel!
Farewel, ye ſplendid Cities, reſtleſs ſeats
Of mis'ry! to the tranquil ſcenes I fly
Of rural bliſs, where Nature opes to view
In artleſs charms diſplay'd, where placid eaſe
Invites reſiſtleſs; there let Fancy roam,
And mark the circling Seaſons—paint ſincere
(For ſuch to rapt'rous ſong the heart inſpire)
Ætherial changes, diff'ring Proſpects all
Of Hill or Vale diſpers'd, and each adorn'd
With animation, as becomes the ſcene.

Hail, bleſt retreats of peace, and quiet life,
Like the ſmooth current of the ſhelter'd ſtream,
Eternal gliding with unruffled courſe!
Delightful to the Muſe, who loves to dwell
In ſeats of ſilence, in the deepen'd vale
Retired, or wand'ring thro' the darken'd ſhade
Of cover'd groves, to paſs the happy hours,
Of Nature ſtudious, and the Rural life.

With azure mantle cloath'd, O Summer's morn,
May thy reſplendence brighten all my ſong!
May livelieſt tints, e'en as thy burniſh'd hues
On earth diffuſed, adorn my glowing verſe!
I greet thee, Winter, in thy deſert ſcenes,
Who with thy horrors rude the ſwelling theme

Inſpireſt — temp'rate hours Autumnal, hail!
O faireſt Spring, with thy all chearing pow'rs
Aſſiſt me, while from thy firſt-beaming ray,
And genial ſmiles deduced my ſimple ſtrains
Unfold the changes of the lengthen'd year.

Long o'er the faded fields had Winter reign'd,
And forceful raging, many a clime conſign'd
To vapours dank, and clouds, and turbid ſtorm.
When Spring expected comes; but Æther chill'd,
To rigid pow'rs long ſubject, chearleſs ſtill
Spreads to the view; chance-beaming rays on Earth
Shine out enfeebled, fruitleſs; ſunk again
Retire. Thus many a day the promiſed hope's
Delay'd, till equinoctial paſt, the Sun

Pow'rful aſcends, with ſtrong effuſion pour'd.
Sharp is the conflict of the Seaſon; ſlow
Yield the vaſt clouds, and parting hover round.
Black Winter ſtruggling for his doubtful throne
Retreats reluctant, and at length in dark
Embodied miſts retires; the ſtormy blaſts
Vanquiſh'd, their ſullen Empire ceding, ſlow
And deeply murm'ring paſs to diſtant climes.

Succeed attemper'd gales from milder South
O'er Ocean's vaſt immeaſurable ſpace,
And diſtant coaſts impell'd; the current breathes
Tepid and genial on the nouriſh'd earth,
Deep vegetation ſtimulates, and ſpreads
On ev'ry field the vivid glow of Spring.

How fertile bloom the plains, inveſted new,
With chearful verdure, bladed, thick'ning bright!
Gay ſhews the new-found ſeaſon, where the flocks
Are to the mead compell'd; the narrow fold's
Relinquiſh'd; left the ſtall and ſpace incloſed
Of Wintry ſhelter, whence the Ruſtics drive
The lowing herds; behold the Lawn receives
Its painted numbers, full enliv'ning all,
The verdant year adorning; pours the flock
Wide on the paſture, ſcatt'ring as they graze,
And ſportive haſt'ning; while the ſober herds
Collected penſive, loiter on the green.
Rejoice, ye Rural Swains, for yonder ſee
The ſnow-fill'd clouds retire, deep brooding oer

The diſtant mountain ; there ariſes high
Sad, deſolate, and wild, the rocky cliff,
That thro' the wreath'd Horiſon ſpreads afar
It's Icy boundary — a Deſert world,
Dim-gleaming to the tenants of the plain !
Not ſo extends the fertile vale beneath,
A habitable ſpace ; the tepid South
Gently diffuſes, ev'ry frigid air
Diſpelling ; where her deep-emboſom'd pow'rs
Diſſolving Nature opes, and plenteous ſprings,
Unfolded boundleſs o'er the flow'ry mead.

But much is requiſite, and vernal ſhow'r
To growth eſſential wiſh'd ; for day ſucceeds
On day, nor yet the humid change forebodes.

The bladed moiſture fails, ſlowly abſorpt
By Sun or Eaſtern breeze; wide-parch'd and dry
The thirſty ſoil it's fertile pow'rs reſigns,
Extinguiſh'd full, of browneſt hue diſcloſed,
Unfruitful; opes in various clefts the field;
The æther bears wide-whirling in the breeze
The fallow's ſurface, toſs'd on high obſcure,
In duſty miſt; while the diſcolour'd hill
In darker ſhade uplifts it's barren head.

Tho' vegetation fade, and paſtures ſhew
Parch'd to the root, ye Huſbandmen, employ
The ſuited ſeaſon; let the early morn
Dawn on your labours; riſe with prudent thought,
And yoke the uſeful oxen to the plough.

The fallow crumbling yields, and claims the taſk;
The timely Year nor idly fail, for work
Eſſential calls; and promiſed plenty hence
Is beſt 'certain'd; but fruitleſs indolence
Shall many a day at will'd neglect repine,
And ardent wiſh the fav'ring hours of toil.
Behold ætherial change at hand, that comes
To chear the fading world; the Eaſtern gales
To rigid climes their nipping blaſts conſign.
'Tis promiſe grateful all; gather the clouds,
Firſt in the utmoſt verge aſcending, thence
Bear onward, deep'ning thro' the circled Heav'ns.
The Concave cloſes; round from point to point
Suſpended deluge broods, and ſtills the breeze,

That

That whiſpers o'er the glade; the genial ſhow'r's
On Earth foretold with ample treaſures fraught
To all; for conſcious of the bliſsful change
All Animation waits; the feather'd race
In thorny hedge their ruffled pinions plume;
The Herds in ſilence fix'd look up to Heav'n,
Expecting; gentleſt voices top the hill,
That thro' th' aerial ſtillneſs diſtant ſound;
The Lark that echoed high her ſhrilleſt ſong,
From quiv'ring balance on the miſty ſky
Deſcending, ſwiftly ſeeks her graſſy ſeat.

At length th' incumber'd Æther gives it's load
To all the earth; in ſoften'd miſt awhile
A drizzling moiſture falls, nor e'er is heard

To beat on cottage roof, or bubbling ſtrike
The levell'd ſurface of the ſtanding pool.
The cloud ſcarce ſcatters it's mild ſhow'r unſeen,
In pearly damps diſtill'd o'er all the plain.
The herds arranged in ſolemn patience view
The vap'ry gift, and from their foreheads ſhake
Th' aerial dew; nor long the calmneſs holds;
For thro' the air ſurcharg'd, and deep oppreſt,
A heavier flood increaſes; the wide drops
Swift-haſtning, ſpatter on the beaten field.
On dimpled ſtream rebounds the mantling ſtroke,
In circled undulation; pours the tide
Increaſed, of brook or ample river down
It's courſe tumultuous, and loud beating, ſwell'd,

And ſordid rolls; vain on the neighb'ring plains
In ſearch of beaſt or feather'd fowl we gaze;
The ſmoaking Landſcape deſert lies, and all
Driv'n from the field, a refuge ſafe explore,
In hedge or grove beneath the branching ſhade.
— Ye ſhow'ry torrents, pour!—ye loaded ſkies,
And brooding clouds, reſign your wat'ry floods;
Nor mod'rate flow; for theſe exhauſtleſs ſtores
The paſſive Earth nutritious ſeed; and hence
More plenteous ſhall the fertile treaſures ſpring;
The bladed crop ſhall crown the mead profuſe,
Increaſed; ſoon ſhall the bud new leaf unfold,
Wide-op'ning, verdant; that in livelieſt hue
The woodland proſpect beauteous ſhall adorn.

Nor vain the hope, for thro' the lengthen'd night
'Till Noon ſucceeding, the big clouds throw forth
Their genial treaſures; ſtill o'er Æther hang,
Heavy, inſatiate; whilſt with humid brow
Short intermiſſion broods; but all again
Invelop, mingling in a turbid ſhow'r.
At length th' approach of eve the whole concludes;
Th' ætherial pow'rs divided, ſlow along
The Heav'ns impell'd, wide waft their wat'ry load.
Breaks thro' the dull expanſe the glaring Sun;
And ev'ry ling'ring miſt diſperſing, ſhines
Irradiate, while around the diſtant cope
The painted rainbow decks the parting clouds.

Welcome,

Welcome, O Genial Seaſon, bright'ning hours
Of Spring, O welcome to our native fields!
Long-wiſh'd thy preſence, ſweet is thy return,
As gleams of comfort to th' afflicted mind.
Grateful thy heav'nly ſoftneſs ſpreads around,
And Nature chill'd invigorates; from thee
The mortal frame new Life and pow'r derives.
Again we taſte thy healthier pleaſures;—joys
E'en to the eye diſplay'd, pow'rful prevail,
And raiſe the heart; to ſee thy vernal pow'rs
The long-loſt charms of Nature ſwift reſtore—
For rural beauty of the plain revives!
Here glitters on the mead a livelier green;
The proſpect glows; aloft the Gilded Sun

Majeſtic

Majeſtic ſhines enthroned, and in his courſe,
Broad, full and ſplendid from the azure glares.
Afar the ſtraighten'd hedgerow blooms anew,
It's Summers veſt reſuming; nought appears
Of Wintry clouds delightleſs; o'er the hills
Diſtant they paſs, and fly before the ray
Expulſive; glad imagination marks
The recent Seaſon; how profuſely gay
Smiles the enliven'd ſcene! what joyful ſigns
Around proclaim the feſtive year return'd!
On ev'ry ſide ſpotted with num'rous flocks
The upland whitens, with the diſtant ſounds
Harmonious, whence the tinklings piercing ſhrill
Whine on the ſighing breeze; the colour'd herds

Wide

Wide roam, cropping their bladed food, and feel
With ſleek hue deck'd, the chearing pow'rs of Spring.
E'en rivers, brooks, and fountains all appear
In gayer beauty, and more ſprightly flow,
Rapid and ſparkling in the Sunny beam.

Bear me, my fancy, to the lovely view
By art adorn'd, to where the garden ſpreads
A new profuſion in the vernal Eve.
Lo the mild Spring in various colours decks
The ſcented ſcene; whether on ſplendid walks
Far lengthen'd to the ſight, I catch the view
Of flow'rs new-bloſſom'd, or to fragrant ſhrubs
The balmy air invites; the eye roves wide;
Each flow'ry tribe examines, various each

In diff'ring beauties; where the year unfolds
The yellow Crocus in its gilded veſt,
A lengthen'd row adorning; round diſpers'd
Hepatica, and Snow-drop, droop'd to Earth;—
Full-ſtored, and rich, and fragrant Hyacinth
It's weighty bells inclining; bluſhing deep
The Daiſy, and where Polyanthus fix'd
In flow'rs unnumber'd opes it's gaudy pride.
Narciſſus golden-ray'd, expanſive ſpreads
Anemone; o'er all Majeſtic raiſed
Imperial flow'r uplifts his ſtately crown.
But yonder margin'd bank cluſter'd diſplays
Vi'lets deep-glowing, mellower in their ſweets
Than richeſt fragrance that the year can boaſt.

Let me not here forget thy lovelieſt form,
Pride of the ſpot, with mealy ſprinkled leaf
Auricula, who all the flow'ry plants
Excelleſt of thy Seaſon, with true grace
Unfolded, matchleſs in the Floriſt's eye.
How pleaſing now, when Ev'ning Sunbeams glare,
To tread th' extended plain, or to the vale
To bend our way, where ev'ry ſhrub, or tree,
And lofty foreſt ope th' expanding bud
Of vegetation; where gay-ſprinkled flow'rs
The fertile mead enam'lling whiten round.
There as we paſs, echoes the lively voice
Of many a feather'd ſongſter; chearful all
The Notes of joy ſpontaneous! and beneath

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Reſounding flows the ſwelling ſtream along
It's narrow'd channels; thence unbounded oft
Sweeps o'er the flatten'd plain; and ſwift retires,
As ſudden hurrying to it's deepen'd bed.
The finny Nations ſport; the ſpotted trout
Leaps ſparkling on the tide; the Landſcape ſwells,
And Animation decks the joyful ſcene.

Thus many a day a bright'ning ſplendour reigns,
But ſtill the tepid year is unconfirm'd,
Unſettled; oft the weſtern blaſt wide chill'd
And nipping ruſhes forth, a turbid ſtorm
Portending; ſpreading duſky to the view,
From fartheſt point low mix the brooding clouds.
At firſt above the diſtant ſcope obſerv'd,

Edg'd

Edg'd o'er the blue horizon; thence they float
Beneath the lofty Zenith, high upborne,
Nor weighted full; a doubled miſt aſcends,
And with the higher powr's combined, o'erhangs
The dreary æther; Lo, 'twere pleaſing all,
Refreſhful, ſhould the pond'rous ſea of clouds
Their waters pour; but ſtrengthen'd gales th' event
Forbid, and bear aloft the chearleſs load.
Hence ev'ry view deep blackens; to the eye
Delightleſs ſpreads the Landſcape,—who but feels
The ſympathy of Seaſons?—with the ſkies
Of brighter hue in fancy gladdens, while
The heavier air o'erloads the ſickning heart?—
Long time the Orb of Day conceals his head,

For intercepted ne'er extends a ray
To ſadden'd Earth—reſounds from pole to pole
The murm'ring gale, and furious ſwell'd at length
Tempeſtuous thro' the groaning æther rolls.
All vegetation pines; dry parch'd the meads
Yield up their vivid glow, and browner droops
The blade. Stormy Deſtruction nipping pours
E'en on the ſpace incloſed, and ſhelter'd full
Of fertile garden; in the bloſſom'd view
Of promis'd fruits, deep blights them in the branch,
And drives their od'rous plenty torn to earth.

But chance a cloud deſcending, rapid throws
A forceful ſhow'r, that borne aſlant beats loud,
Tumultuous on the neighb'ring plain; and ſtill

The ſtorm is undiminiſh'd, howls around
The rural manſion, and the groves diſturbs.
At length the bluſt'ring South aſſumes the rule,
Aerial currents ſends, more tepid felt,
But miſty, chearleſs, dark; behold, the field
Is ſprinkled humid, and deep-mingling rains
And univerſal fall; the ſtronger gales
Ne'er interrupt, but with continued force
Deſcends a deluge, thick'ning, ſweeping round.
The ſkies exhauſtleſs ope their watr'y ſtores,
That many an hour inſatiate drench the plains.
In theſe ſad ſcenes let's fly the gloomy view,
And round the blazing hearth in ſocial throng
Aſſemble; luckleſs He, whom duty calls

To brave the tempeſt; in ſad plight he moves
Deep-clad and woeful, in his looks declares
A dire neceſſity; the dreary field's
Relinquiſh'd; ev'ry work of Ruſtic toil,
The plough, the wetted harrow left, the Swain
Homeward returning takes his joyleſs way.

The Night ſucceeds, in complex horror wrapt
Of raging ſkies; unuſual dark and drear,
Wintry apparent, as when rigid known,
Ruffian December held the faded year.
But long ere morn's approach, the tempeſt's lull'd;
And chang'd to gentler gales a weſtern breeze
Blows ſteady onward; Lo! returning Light's
Diffuſed, and nought o'er æther's ſeen of clouds,

Or pouring floods, ſave the wide miſts that o'er
The lofty mountain trav'lling diſtant move,
Theſe the aſcending Sun ſwift chaſes from
His wide domain, and tepid glowing forth
Again in vernal veſture clothes the ſcene.

Continued blow, ye gentler breezes, pierce
The moiſten'd glebe, the humid Fallow deep,
And Stubble to induſtrious works deſign'd.
Neglected tillage timely aid demands,
And fav'ring ſkies; the weighty ſod to move,
Eſſential lighten'd, for reception fit
Of fertile grain, the hope of promis'd wealth.

Th' ungenial Seaſon's paſt; for Lo, no more
Deſtructive rains aſſail; then in the field

Let the wiſe taſk proceed; 'tis buſineſs all
Momentous, whereſoe'er we view around.
Where many a ſturdy train inceſſant toil,
And with the pointed ſhare the Glebe upturn.
Perſiſt the patient Swains, with chearful Song
Mocking the lengthen'd way, ſtill ſtubbled ſpace
Yields to the plough, and next the Sower comes,
Meaſures the ridge, and throws the plenteous grain;
The harrow lev'lling all, and cov'ring deep
Cloſes the tillage of the lengthen'd year.

Luxuriant, rich, the Country forth invites
Our wand'ring ſteps; for now extends the whole
In blooming beauty; hill and dale of view
Various, the Lawn and daiſy-tufted green;

The ſhrubby copſe ; plantations loftier grown,
Well-form'd and interſpers'd ; the op'ning glade,
Deep-margin'd, ſhade-inveſted, where around
Dark-tinted pines uprear their ſtately trunk.
Or to the grove of waving Elms we roam,
And tread the mazes dimly gleaming, where
Thro' ſpace extenſive peeps the diſtant ſky.
Where'er we tend, unuſual ſpread the charms
Of Nature ; neweſt ſcenes of Seaſons new
For many a wint'ry month with-held ;—the tree,
The buſh, with feather'd crowds harmonious fill'd ;
And notes of ev'ry modulation join
Concordant—wild, mellifluous thrills the grove.
For joy is full to all, and ev'ry pipe

Contends in harmony; of vocal choir
Not leaſt in excellence the whiſtling Thruſh
Loud plies his ſong melodious, piercing wide
The diſtant air, and there a ſkill to claim
Superior, takes exalted ſeat on high.
The deep'ning notes wide-mingle, where afar
From ev'ry hill the Cuckoo hails the year
In ſtrains unvaried. Ev'ry ſound of joy
That marks the genial hour, th' attentive mind
Elates; nor grateful leſs to viſion glows
Of decoration full, the bloom of hedge
And tree, the thick-inveſted Hawthorn deckt
With brighteſt flow'r, that ſkirts the ſmiling mead;
The ſhrub, the glaring Furze that on the hill

The fence adorns; or chance the dimpling floods
We viſit, where the gently moving wave
Steals from the ſight unruffled, unobſerv'd,
Along the mazes of the gliding ſtream.

On you, ye feather'd tribes, of buſy life
And voice harmonious, fain the Muſe would dwell;
Explore your various haunts, your timely hour
Of neſtling care and Love Parental; theſe
Th' obſervant Fancy oft delightful fill,
Of ſuch as wander thro' the rural walks
Of hedge and copſe enliven'd; where the fond
Connubial Choriſter uptunes his lay
His partner's ſolitary hours to cheer.
She fix'd aſſiduous all the livelong day

Her taſk maternal acts, on hopes intent
Of bliſs ſucceeding; Lo, the long-wiſh'd time
Shall come, which the lov'd offspring ſhall unfold,
And into joy her patient labours change.
'Twere grateful all to tell! there to deſcribe
The ways minute, the flutt'ring loves beneath
The bending ſpray, the neſtling duties held
With perſeverance in the deepen'd thorn.
For who but ſees the whole admiring? where
The milder Spring the harmleſs tribe excites
To glad Employment; mix'd no longer all
Social, the gen'ral haunt's reliinquiſh'd; forth
A faithful pair to diſtant wood retire,
The copſe, the grove, as wiſeſt choice conducts.

Slow

Slow Incubation broods ; while th' anxious mate
His labours adds, or cheats the lengthen'd day
With many a ſong ; but there of later Spring
A ſcene new-opens ; chearful calls allure
Diſtruſtful vent'ring forth, the plumed young.
Behold, the well-ſkill'd parent leads the way,
Upon the buoyant air upborne, and oft
Returns to chide ; for fear long time prevents
The firſt eſſay, till once the arduous flight
Attempted, ſoon the ſelf-taught trav'ller wings
With ſpeed, and in his Genial pow'rs confides.

Theſe many a verſe deſcriptive would adorn
Worthy of taſk Poetic, but the Muſe
Dread fear aſſails, as when the firſt-wing'd bird

The giddy horrors of the height deter.
Were pow'rs adapted to her ardent wiſh,
As thoſe unequall'd that the Bard inſpired
To ſing the beauteous theme, ſhe'd fearleſs mount,
And ply the truſted pinion; but alas!
With timid hope ſhe all attempts; as thought
Or choice conducts, the obvious way ſhe tries,
Unſtudied all, with doubtful wing explored.

The Year's advanced, and brighten'd Day no more
With wintry bounds of narrow-circling Suns
And ſhort duration ſhines, but lengthen'd all
Increaſes, and uſurps the reign of Night,
By th' orient Dawn and later Eve diſplaced.
Daily in higher courſe the Orb extends

His journey, o'er the Hemiſphere delay'd,
And upward mounting arduous; then let all
Mankind embrace th' enliven'd period; forth
Let each aſſiduous to the ſcenes of toil,
Or health repair; rous'd by the timely dawn
Firſt breaking on our ſlumbers, lets's awake,
And ſtimulate the mind to joys unknown
By indolence ſupine; new things invite,
And to attention call, in early dreſs
Diff'ring, and unconceiv'd! the various view
Of th' opening Landſcape will the waking eye
Moſt beauteous pleaſe, for now the mind reſtored
By balmy ſleep, is to imagin'd joy
And pleaſure, beſt adapted; haſte we then,

With heart refreſh'd to meet the coming day.
Behold the duſky dawn along the plain
Low-glimm'ring waves—in yonder boſom'd vale
'Tis darkneſs, nor firſt iſſuing gleams deſcend
Of doubtful day, to ope the faded view.
On th' upland thicket, Light is ſcarce diſcern'd
Dull thro' the ſhade; for ſtill more pow'rful reigns
Black Night, and as the whitening currents roll
Illumin'd mixing, oft to watchful eye
Again invelops all; now ſwifter pour'd
The mingling Light flows bounteous; up the hill
It clear collects, and ſlowly ſettles round—
Diſtinction ſee along the Landſcape creep;—
The objects tardy ſtream to gazing ſight,

Tranquil and ſtill ; the verdure marks the Lawn,
Deep-bladed, fertile ; laſt unmix'd with ſhade
The blacken'd Fallow in a miſty ſmoke
And Vapour ſtands diſplay'd ; the ſpotted flocks
Collect appear along the diſtant field,
In drowſy ſlumber fix'd nor yet with bleat
Salute the morn, nor early paſture ſeek.
Lo ! the dull herds, reclined upon the mead
And penſive ruminate ; how placid ſleeps
All Animation ! ſave in yonder brake,
Where onward the lone Hare ſkulks fearful, black
In furtheſt glimpſe ; of feather'd tribes alone
The watchful Cock the ſolemn ſilence breaks,
Repeated echoing thro' the peaceful Vale.

And now the Day's confirm'd ; for ſee, afar
At th' utmoſt ken diſtinct obſerv'd to ſight,
The circled Village riſes, cloſed in Groves
Wide-branching, and in leafy pride adorn'd.

Thence to the mount conducted on we gain
The heighten'd ſummit ; livelier ſpreads the ſcene
Of morn ; for now along th' Horizon ſhoot
Aſcending rays, and mark the painted Eaſt.
Gay burniſh ſoon the higher Clouds, unmoved,
On the far point impending ; glows awhile
The diſtant range illumin'd, till upborne
Majeſtic, riſes ſlow the Orient Sun.
Soon the bright Orb with fiery mantle crown'd,
Reſplendent tips the weſtern Mountain head,

The ſhade expells deep ling'ring in the woods,
And cloſing thickets, while emerging wide
From Eaſtern limits, pours a Deluge vaſt
Of dazzling brightneſs; all is glaring gaze,
Of ruddieſt hue; enſanguin'd on the Heav'ns
Flame the red Clouds, and Lo! where'er we bend
The lifted Eye, a golden Radiance reigns;
Save in the ſhelter'd Vales, where ſteadier light
Shines equal, ſolemn, with contraſted ſcene,
And varying decks the chequer'd view beneath.

Forth-iſſuing now, O active world, purſue
Your daily works ſollicitous! ye Swains,
Attend the field, and to the uſeful taſk
Of Induſtry, the ſource of wealth apply!

The Day is fitting ; to each wiſh'd deſign
Of wiſe employment full adapted ; when
No ſtorms moleſt, no threat'ning Clouds impend,
Or interruptive pour ; but lucid fix'd
With cloudleſs brow the fav'ring Æther ſmiles.
Ye ſons of Indolence from toil exempt,
And lot laborious, now conſult the Day,
That to diverſion calls ! the Rural ſport
Many a thoughtleſs mind invites, to where
Diffuſive rolls the ſtream, and to the breeze
Erects it's limpid head ; Incumbent where
The Angler takes his ſilent ſtation, fix'd,
With brow intent, and with extended arm
The floating Line throws wide ; behold ! the fly

Deceptive ſkims along the diſtant wave,
A brighten'd wing diſplays, that from the deep
Allures the finny Nations ; fearful borne,
A ſmaller tribe approach, but ſudden glide,
Many and oft diſpers'd, daunted awhile,
Returning doubtful ; till from dark retreat
Aſcends a hungry Foe, in ſtrength o'er grown
Reſ'lute, and ſcorning fear and weak delay,
Gorges the bait ; and now the long-wiſh'd ſport
Enſues, for ſee impatient of controul,
In pain deep-ſtruck the Captive fierce exerts
His flurrying ſtrength, and flounces on the wave ;
Or downward darts, and to his lov'd receſs
For ſafety flies ; as oft with ſudden might

His bonds to break, impetuous upward ſtrikes.
For all is vain ; while ſtill adheſive wounds
The piercing ſteel, and looſer held the line
Gives to the blow ; at length outſpent he ſtops,
Inured to anguiſh, from compulſion free,
Awhile in peace ; but gently forcing ſoon
The ſnare, drives him again to turbid rage,
In laſt and mightieſt effort ſtruggling round.—
'Tis paſt ;—the yielding Victim floats unmoved,
And by the pityleſs hand conducted forth,
Scarce ſtirs outſtretch'd a faint and dying gaſp.

Thrice cruel ſport! for who can torture praiſe,
Or with delight a lengthen'd torment view ?
What feeling breaſt but with compunction ſees

His worried prey to ling'ring Death conſign'd?
The harmleſs wretch, his beauteous ſilver ſides
Upturn'd, and panting hard! his Golden ſpots
Ting'd with the flowing blood, and helpleſs laid,
Convulſive agonied, expiring ſlow!

Theſe are th' amuſive pleaſures of the few,
Whoſe minds inactive the more manly ſports
Diſreliſh; but a nobler game inſpires
The youths of glorious ſpirit, that with heart
Free as the lighten'd air, and eager brow,
Lead on the feſtive chace, and from the wood
Or rocky Covert drive th' unkennell'd Fox.

While yet the twinkling Stars poſſeſs the Sky,
The Jovial Souls before the early dawn

Riſe from their ſlumber, where the promiſ'd feats
And new exertions of the coming day
Poſſeſs'd their waking fancy ; echoes ſhrill
Of Hounds and Hunter pierce the ſilent night,
And with a wild diſturbance rouſe the mind
Of tranquil peace ; thro' the receſſes dark
Of Rural Manſion, ſounds the lively cry,
And ſocial exhortation, of loud ſcenes
External the wide uproar anſw'ring full.
Some from his chamber drag the ſotted wretch,
Half ſenſeleſs from the deep and midnight cup,
And o'ercharg'd revels of the former day.
Now Sloth and Indolence are baniſh'd ; ſoon
All iſſue forth, and mount their friendly ſteeds.

When at the wood or thick-inveſted copſe
Arrived, thrice happy who diſcerns beneath
Th' unkennell'd foe retreating ſecret o'er
The plain, or lurking in th' adjoining field.
Then all the cry is up, with deaf'ning voice,
From ev'ry well-uſed and Stentorian tongue ;—
Exerting, o'er the fence and thicken'd hedge
The ſteed flies emulous, nor th' heighten'd wall
Refuſes, by his mad'ning burthen preſs'd.
The Man diſgrace ſhall rue, that left behind
E'en for a ſpace, or who in many a high
And giddy paſs involv'd, is ſway'd by fear,
Or circumſpection ; danger in th' extreme
From all receives due merit and applauſe.

But coward he, who when the deepen'd pit
Gapes wide beneath his ſteps, the Peril dreads.
Nor muſt the ſwelling River ſtop thy courſe,
But boldly plunge along the eddying flood,
E'en ſhould the dang'rous height th' attempt deter,
Or with thy Life repay the noble deed.
Such is the bliſs, that many a mind exalts,
And with unequall'd charms the Fancy fires.
Such the ambition e'en of feeble age,
Who vent'rous ſhare the perils of the ſport.
Not theſe the joys to the ſerener mind
Adapted, nor to wiſer ſenſe refined.
Glad we return to calmer ſtrains from all
The ſenſeleſs uproar of the flying chace.

Hail, mild Tranquility, of bleſſings chief,
By Man enjoy'd! thy heartfelt bliſs inſpires
Awaken'd Fancy, and to mind recalls
Calm—ſoothing ſcenes, where ſtudious many a day
Thro' the wide mazes of the woods I ſtray'd,
With Nature's charms delighted; onward led
Along the glimm'ring ſhade the moſſy path.
Deep cloſed on ev'ry ſide the thicket wild,
Entangled, and with matted ſhrubs o'erſpread.
There as I ſtray'd, the varied murmurs caught
My liſt'ning ear, and turning oft I ſtopt,
Attentive; while the breezes ruſtled thro'
The twinkling leaves on high, and the low voice
Of cooing Doves ſoft murmur'd in the wind.

Rous'd from the Covert in his flight abrupt,
The Blackbird echoed his loud-thrilling note
Of interruption, or on diſtant bough
Of Hawthorn perch'd, uptuned his mellower ſong.
The Red-breaſt near at hand with ſoften'd lays,
Saluted the approach of friendly Man.
Advancing then, the diſtant azure caught
My roaming eye, thro' wider-ſpreading ſhades,
Bright-glaring, and enliv'ning all the grove.
The mix'd reſplendence of the mid-day Sun
Scatter'd around the gleaming wood, and form'd
A checquer'd hue along the painted path.
—Not ſuch the pleaſures of the gloomy wilds,
Deep-tangled, many a league outſtretch'd immenſe,

Where Niagara pours it's pond'rous ſea
Of ſounding waters; where in one vaſt tract,
By man untenanted, dim Foreſts wave
Their thicken'd heads; or further to the South,
Turn we a moment to the darken'd woods,
And let Imagination cautious tread
The matted thickets, and the cluſt'ring ſhade.
No voice harmonious of the feather'd choir
Echoes a ſtrain, to chear the drooping heart
Of ſolitary trav'ller; Deſert all,
In dreary ſilence; ſave where ſtriking deep
The ſhrinking ſoul, in near approach increaſed,
The rattling ſounds of the wide-darting Snake
Admoniſh danger; or where Fancy forms

With ſhudd'ring horror the loud threat'ning howl
Of murd'rous Savage ; Danger broods around ;
Where like a new fall'n Oak in wond'rous length,
The mightieſt of the Serpent race extends
His wide ſepulchral Jaws, deſtruction ſure
To ev'ry living beaſt that dares moleſt
His gloomy manſion ; and where twined around
The branching pines, await the paſſing prey
Innum'rous Serpents, or in twiſted wreath,
Swift thro' the matted ſhrubs convolv'd, with rage
Or ſofter Inſtinct fired, in direful hiſs,
Awake the ſilence of the deſert wild.
There too in unmoleſted track, with heart
Fearleſs of ev'ry foe, the ſhaggy Bear

Slow moves his ſteps, and in his ſtrength ſecure,
Heedleſs of flight, or bold attack alike,
Black thro' the Foreſt walks his daily rounds.
— From ſcenes of Danger turns the tranquil muſe,
To theſe fair Climes, in calm and peaceful bliſs
Thrice happy, where the perils of the woods
And deſert wilderneſs, but to the mind
Of pleaſed and roaming Fancy are unknown;
Of all the world moſt bleſs'd in temp'rate gifts
Of kindly Nature; nor by fiery rays,
Such as the blazing Sun on torrid tracts
Pours down, exhauſted, nor to laſting ſnows
Conſign'd, as thro' the near compleated year,
The Northern tracts in endleſs range diſcloſe.

When Spring it's blooming veſture throws around
Our fertile meads, and the bright Sun returns,
To deck exhauſted Nature, on the brow
Of rocky Lapland, no mild-ſpreading ray
A ſoftning glow inſpires, but deeply chill'd,
Extend the Hill and Vale, in ſnows involv'd.
Froze to the bottom the wide fetter'd ſtreams,
That long had ceaſed to flow, in fathom'd bed
Are bound conſolidate; all Nature here
Is rigid bound, and Man of ev'ry clime
Inhabitant, is ſhrunk and dwindled here.
Beneath th' impending cover of the cliff
His ſtinted hut rude-forming, from the ſtorm
Secure, Security to him is bliſs.

Tho' Snows ariſe perpetual o'er his wide
And undiſputed Empire, ſenſeleſs of
Or joy or care, his antling herds he drives,
Explores the moſſy covert, and in heart
Obdurate ſcarcely feels a joy to ſee
Th' Eſſential gift, that in the rig'rous clime
All-bounteous Nature to his wants ſupplied.

Now further on, wafted on Fancy's wing,
We bend our view to Polar Seas, wide ſcenes
Of Deſolation, where to Ice congeal'd,
The whole vaſt Ocean at the Arctic ſtands,
In ſolid ſtrength impenetrable, fix'd.
There ſhould the milder gales diſſolving blow,
New horrors ſtrike the Eye; when with a ſound

More awful than the rolling thunder, rent
From all the ſhatter'd deep, and downwards hurl'd,
Forms Icy, huge-maſs'd, diſencumber'd plunge
Beneath th' abyſs unfathom'd, or by ſtrength
Of Tempeſt driv'n, around ſtupendous float.
Innum'rous liſt their vaſt unwieldly weight
The monſters of the Seas, and by wild Joy
Or rage impell'd, encountring in the ſurge,
And toſſing, roll above the billowy wave.
The Clime's deſerted, ſave by them that love
Congenial horrors, in their horrid forms
Terrific, that o'er all the Icy tract,
Hold their dread Empire uncontroul'd by man,
And in deep growls or louder bellowings join'd,
Diſcordant echo to the thund'ring main.

The Rural ſcene more grateful to the mind
Of Peace, amuſive ever calls us home;
Where the mild Spring advanced, has full diffuſed
It's fertile bloom, and wafts a balmy gale
Of fragrance, o'er the flow'ry-ſprinkled mead.
Now the bright year in feſtive ſmiles adorn'd,
Attunes the Soul to harmony and love.
At earlier eve, when daily work's compleat,
The village Group upon the verdant green
Aſſemble; there with the melodious pipe
Well-join'd, the tabor rouſes up the mirth
Of lively dance; Lo, ev'ry Soul is tuned
To glee and frolic! the wild bouncing Maid,
Health in her looks, and freedom in her Eye,

Light trips, and active o'er the beaten ſod;
While her more cumb'rous Partner of the Dance,
Admires her wond'rous ſkill, and watches each
Evolving motion, with a ſerious brow
Attentive, fearful to be left behind.
Both young and old inſtruct; the Matron plies
Her frequent told advice, and adds aloud
The former glories of her dancing day.
While vet'ran Ruſtics ſtill enjoy the ſcene,
And free of heart the new and mazy track
Explore, ſlow-moving thro' the jocund throng.
Where the gay proſpect wide outſtretches, mount
The heighten'd ſummit of the neighb'ring hill,
And bend thy roaming eye around—behold

The ſteepled Spire, that on the levell'd plain
Seem'd at th' Horizon's utmoſt verge remov'd,
Beneath thy ſight approximate! the wide
And interſected fields, to ſmaller ſpace
Reduced, diminiſh—the wide-branching trees,
As ſmaller ſhrubs deſcried! Liſt to the ſounds
Of yonder Vale! the lowing of the herds,
And bleat of flocks diſpers'd along the plain,
That murm'ring mix confuſed! but ſhriller notes
Of the bell-tinkling wether ſtrike thine ear,
At diſtance muſical; th' exerted view
Further extend, where all the whiten'd flocks
Are ſcarce diſcern'd as ſpots upon the green
And verdant paſture! the far-diſtant town

Of wide extent, half ſeen within the gleam
Of duſky rays, ſeems to a village ſhrunk,
And unimportant, nor would catch thine eye
Within the ſtraining gaze, but for the glare
Of Sunbeams darting from it's lofty ſpires.

Whene'er invites thee forth the midday hour
With lively ſpreading views of Nature deckt,
Sometimes along the deep-emboſom'd glyn
Wand'ring, ſurvey the ſcene groteſque and wild,
And trace the mazes of the bubbling brook!
There from the diſtant upland brow a rill
Irriguous flowing forces it's wild way,
Now thro' it's oozy banks in hollow'd courſe
Deep-gurgling, now ſtarts forth with ſudden change,

And from the ſteep ſwift hurries tow'rds the plain.
Where the rough rock oblique oppoſes, o'er
The craggy channels frets a lively wave;
Then for a ſpace inclines more rapid,—forth
Succeſſive daſhes ſhatter'd force abrupt,—
But ſoon beneath the wider vale impell'd,
Bubbles awhile o'er the bright pebbly ſhoal,
Awhile from jutting bank ſwift eddies round;—
'Till placid grown the ſtream diffuſive creeps
Within a reedy depth, and ſilent, dark,
In ſpreading pool extends an ample flood.
Thence to the ſhadow of the aged Oak
With pond'rous arms wide-branching, hie thee ſtraight;
Supine reclined your ſtudious pleaſure take,

Of Nature's wond'rous ſcenes obſervant; all
The view around to ſerious thought impells;
Ætherial ſtillneſs, and a ſolemn ſhade
Of ſober hue thrown o'er the tranquil ſeat.
Or chance the gleams of the bright Orb of Day
Pierce thro' the parted bough; all waft the thoughts
To Him, Who rules the whole, Who firſt outſtretch'd
The vaſt cærulean, o'er thine head upraiſed
In concave ſplendour; Who the heav'nly Orbs
In various limits fix'd;—at His command
The ſolid Earth ſtood faſt, the mountains rear'd
Their vaſt and lofty heads; th' unruly bulk
Of Ocean, ſettled in his deepen'd bed.
At His command the Sun his brighten'd beams

Shot forth, to cheriſh and enliven all,

And various Planetary worlds controul.

Thoughtful the fertile pow'rs of earth obſerve,

The bladed herbage that around thee ſpreads,

O'er all the mead luxuriant; view afar

The growth profuſe, that in a thicken'd veſt

Of greeneſt verdure decks the loaded plains.

The teeming Faculty terreſtrial hid

In denſeſt ſpace, thy contemplation moves.—

Fertility, a wond'rous pow'r art thou,

By the great Author of the World firſt giv'n

To Earth, within it's boſom lodg'd and with

Each particle combin'd and ſocial mix'd!—

Thy hidden ſeat, Fertility, with force

Eſſential to explore, empower'd ſhines
The Orb of Day, to ſtimulate thy ſtrength,
And fervid rouſe thee from thy latent bed!
To wake thy torpid ſlumbers, tepid miſts
Aerial, humid, and the ſoft'ning ſhow'r,
Or mildeſt Zephyrs, are with influence fill'd
Compulſive! forceful thus and ſtrong impell'd,
The pow'r conceal'd upliſts the ſpringing blade,
And ev'ry growth of vegetation throws
Increaſing forth; for purpoſe, bounteous, good,
Intended all! and num'rous herb and plant
That crown the fertile Earth, not uſeleſs grow,
Unſerviceable, but of great import
And neceſſary ſubſtance to ſupply

With genial aliment of living forms
The various tribes whoſe due demands from theſe
Eſſential food and ſuſtenance derive.
Each ſcene of verdure, ev'ry view around
Of Nature, op'ning to th' attentive eye,
To ſerious thought excites, to wonder lifts,
The Whole minute exploring, ev'ry work
Create, of Heav'nly Pow'r and Wiſdom; whilſt
Admiring, ardent glows the heart with Praiſe.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PROSPECTS.

BOOK II.

COME, brighten'd Summer, e'en in ſtrength ſevere,
Intenſe! forth from thy clear cærulean throne,
Shine out with doubled force, Prolific Sun!
'Tis Seaſon requiſite, to aid and full
Mature on Earth each vegetating growth.
Thoughtleſs thy ardent hour mankind accuſe
The weaken'd Frame ſubduing, ne'er content
With ought, but in ſad Winter's gloomy frowns,
And ling'ring Spring uncertain, look to thee
With eager hope and wiſh thy kind return.

The Night in ſhorten'd ſpace, mild paſſes, ſcarce
With darkneſs mix'd; for gleaming thro' the ſhade
A Dawn half 'lumin'd reigns from hour to hour,
And long ere morn's arrived, to viſion pours.—
'Tis ſettled, equal brooding; till the Sun
Early approaches to the widen'd Eaſt.
Then Light is ſwift diſplay'd, and opens all
The beauteous Proſpect; verdure crowns the woods
The Dale green ſpreads and lively; Vallies rich
And fertile, where in tide unnoticed ſtands
The tranquil ſtream, and like a ſtagnate pool,
Unruffled, deep reflects the hollow'd ſky;
Whiſpers the breezy Zephyr o'er the hill,
But ne'er the ſultry regions of the vale

Refreſhes

Refreſhes ;—there the floods diffuſed, excite
To cooler wiſh the heated Frame of man,
And to the wat'ry plunge reſiſtleſs tempt.
The ſpotted Heiffer haſtens to the brink,
By early thirſt awaken'd, and explores
The ſhallow'd ſhore ; then takes her penſive ſtand,
Within the ſtream that gently circles round.—
How various ſhine fair Nature's tints, adorn'd,
By rays aſcending mark'd ! a diff'ring hue
On diſtant hedge ! the deeply painted grove !
The glowing branches of the Foreſt tribe,
Thick interſpers'd, contraſted livelier each ;—
The Dew ſtill lingers on the pearly plain ;
A healthful ſtore nutritious, on the blade
Genial to life, ætherial Nightly pour'd !

Not many an hour advancing from the Eaſt,
Aſcends the Orb, when o'er the vaſt expanſe,
More rapid ſhoots the ray, and downwards throwa
A dazzling radiance reigns; a vap'ry ſteam
Riſes, from earthly depth, or ſpreading ſpace
Of Fenny marſh, and from the dewy Turf,
Exhaled; the Warmth increaſes; open Day
By th' animate Creation, and by Man
Deſerted, beams intolerable round.
The wooded Landſcape fades, and not a breeze
Is heard to murmur thro' the pliant bough.
On Sunny paſture ſinks the graſſy blade,
Imbrown'd; at diſtance to the liſt'ning ear
Echo the falling ſtreams, that lull the ſenſe

With fancied coolneſs, and e'en ſeem awhile
T' aſſuage the throbbing fervour of the day.
But ſhort the pleaſing image ; conqu'ring ſtill,
And unremitting ſpreads the potent heat.
Parch'd by the noon-tide beams behold the Grove
Cloſes the curling leaf, and ſickning droops ;—
An univerſal languor reigns ; but where
Fired by the warmth, flutter in ceaſeleſs hum
The inſect throng innum'rous ;—chief of theſe,
Uſeful to Man, the Bee induſtrious roams
From flow'r to flow'r intent, or buzzes thro'
The ſounding air ſeeking her diſtant home.
The ſcorching ray reflects, fierce to the tread
Of paſſing Villager , ſlow bends his ſteps

The wearied Swain, and ſpiritleſs explores
A cov'ring ſhadow, there awhile to reſt
His languid ſtrength, with lengthen'd toil oppreſt.
While thus the day intolerable ſheds
It's ardent blaze, oh let me ſeek the grove,
Impatient of the ſultry hour, and noon
Oppreſſive, or into the ſhadow'd dell
Plunge deep, where not a beaming ray can pierce
The thicken'd foliage; from the ſicken'd world
Apart there Coolneſs reigns, and ſheds it's ſweet
And dewy influence o'er the humid air.
There let me wander, by the murm'ring ſound
Of falling rills compos'd, and muſing taſte
The tranquil pleaſures of the woodland ſhade,

Unfelt by Mortals ; ſolemn, ſilent, ſtands
The pleaſing ſolitude ! wide ſpreads around
A fragrance, wafted o'er unnumber'd flow'rs,
Soft-breathing in the paſſing breeze ; I feel
The placid impulſe o'er the wearied ſenſe
Swift-creeping, while to all the ſicken'd frame
New ſtrength imparted, chears the drooping ſoul.
Here Meditation holds her ſeat, and to
The cool retreat invites ; wild Fancy flies,
Roaming and unconfined ; and various ſcenes
And diſtant, forms in grateful viſion wrapt.—
With pleaſing pow'r illimitable come
O Fancy, to my aid, with cleareſt thoughts,
And language moſt expreſſive, fill my ſong.

Hark the ſhrill ſhepherd's call the flock compells,
Which from the paſture gather'd, ſtraight conjoin
Their fleecy ſides, and crowd reſiſtleſs forth.
The lucid ſtream beneath the deepen'd vale,
The deſtined journey limits; there we view
The ſimple ſuff'rings of the peaceful race.
The ſhepherd's taſk begins; th' attempt is proved
Arduous, the wilful nation to ſubdue.
Lo many a paſſing ruſtic willing lends
Aſſiſtance, and in ſmalleſt ſpace incloſed,
The fleecy throng aſtoniſh'd crowd, and wild,
Lift the unmeaning eye, and loud complain;
And oft the ſturdy leader of the flock
Breaks thro' the circled rank, courageous teſt

Of might diſplaying to his ſubject tribe ;—
As oft return'd a captive, bleats his woe,
And fate diſaſtrous, frighten'd to deſpair.
For all is fruitleſs, and ſucceſſive ſeiz'd,
Struggling, and impotent, the whole by force
The plunge encounter ; ſoon above the wave
Shake their ſad heads, emerging from the deep.
Th' ungenial element upliſts it's load
Of floating tenants, placed unnat'ral there,
Striving, unſkilful ; while the turbid force
In circles ſtirs a ſullied eddy round.
At length the duty done, the troubled ſtream
Subſides, for glad releaſed the ſcamp'rers fly,
Shaking around in air a miſty ſhow'r,

And to the well-known haunts with ſpeed repair.

Nor yet, ye Flocks, your duty kind to man
Is full compleat! once more your tranquil ſeats,
And calmeſt hours of peace he ſhall diſturb!
His wants compell the deed, nor e'er to you
A painful tyranny intended; give
To him his wiſh'd ſupply, your annual fleece,
For ev'ry care the merited reward!
Ere circling ſeaſons rigid hours unfold,
Nature again your tender frame ſhall clothe
With genial veſt, to brave the chilling ſtorm.

Too oft the tyrant of thy brutal ſlaves,
O Man, let mercy warm thy breaſt; attend
With care, ye Shepherds, to the ſhearing taſk.

With pity view the ſilent ſuff'rer, fix'd
Proſtrate and unreſiſting ; mark his dumb
Imploring looks, that gentle kindneſs claim.
With ſkill the blades direct, th' eſſential deed
Perform attentive, that no hurried ſtroke
The ſhrinking ſkin may pierce, nor ſharpen'd point
On th' harmleſs wretch inflict a painful wound.

Reſplendent pours the ſun at higheſt noon ;—
How healthful now to ſeek the verdant bank,
O'er the deep flood impending, there throw off
The cumb'rous veſtments from the toiling limbs,
And plunge into the clear and cooling wave.
Grateful your ſparkling element I feel,
Refreſhing ſtreams ! how pleaſant to my tired

And panting breaſt, the chryſtal fluid laves
My throbbing ſides, as thro' the wat'ry bed,
I cleave a ſoften'd way, in ſportive mirth
Bending from ſide to ſide, or float at eaſe,
Daſhing the ſprinkled foam with pliant foot.
Delicious paſtime of the ſummer's day!
To learn the vent'rous art, and plunging truſt
To the o'erwhelming depth; uplifted high,
Th' embolden'd ſwimmer thro' his deepen'd courſe
The tim'rous youth invites, and leads the way—
On the ſmooth brink with doubtful terrors fill'd,
Fearful at firſt the ſhiv'ring learner ſtands.—
At length he ſtoops, and leaning to the tide
With waving arm now gently moves, and now

With rapid foot ſtrikes back the circling flood.
The ſtrengthen'd ſtream bears up the pond'rous weight
And by the force impell'd, ſwift wafts him on.

Hence the enharden'd body roſy health
And ſinew'd ſtrength receives, and hence the youth
Weak and unform'd, new life and action feels
To animate his ſoft and tender frame.
By the cool ſtream refreſh'd, e'en manhood feels
A firmer might; and ev'ry pow'r renew'd,
Of lengthen'd toil effective;—foul Diſeaſe
With threat'ning arm uplifted, flies afar,
To arm his arrows 'gainſt a feebler race.

Hail then, thou cooling ſalutary ſtream,
Delicious ſhelter from the conqu'ring heat!

Your pleaſing comfort in the ſultry day
Oft would I wiſh to ſhare, at midday hour
Wrapt in your wat'ry boſom! oft have I
With jocund mirth thy recreation ſought,
In early age, the happy morn of life,
When with the gay companions of my youth,
Th' oppreſſive year, and wearying toil o'ercame
Our drooping ſtrength with ſportive labour faint.
Oft hath thy wiſh'd refreſhment in the hour
Of Noon, allured us to the River's brink.
There thoughtleſs of the danger, faſt we plung'd
Into the dark abyſs, unknowing ought
But lively joy and frolic quick inſpired,
And vent'rous tried the perils of the deep.

Where the bright Vale it's fertile growth outſpreads,
The tinklings ſhrill of many a whetted ſcythe,
Proclaim the meadow'd harveſt; and the Mow'r
Low-bent advancing, who with circled arm
Wide-ſweeping throws aſſant the humid ſwath.

A fragrance ſoon from all the rip'ning crop
Scents the gay mead, and ſuited taſk begins,
Nor wearying, nor laborious; pleaſant each
Allotted work! to draw the lengthen'd rake,
Light as the ſapleſs herb, or liſt around
The drying heap, that balmy odours ſpreads,
Delighted ſenſe refreſhing! the gay crowd
For many an hour perſiſt, by Sun, or breeze
Of Zephyrs favour'd; recreation all

Nor labour tells, for ſtrength and human toil
Is needleſs, where alone eſſential care's
Adapted, ev'ry lighten'd blade to liſt,
Or ſcatt'ring forth with ready arm upturn.
There as the Mead we tread, the twiſted herb
Is thrown in air diſpers'd, or from the fork
To deſtin'd ſpace conſign'd; while near employed
The gath'ring rake, a ſcatter'd ſtore collects.

Thus till the Sun in Weſtern courſe deſcends
Gay perſeverance holds; glad, ſocial all
With feſtive talk enliven'd; hurried ne'er
By time neceſſitous, by threat'ning ſkies
Nor interrupted; but employment, haſte
At eve ſucceed, and buſy ſilence marks

The ſhorten'd hour, while on the fragrant mead,
In weightier ſtore the lofty Haycocks riſe—
Bright to the ſetting Sun reflects the field,
And e're the Night it's duſky ſhades around
Confirms, a wiſh'd perfection crowns the taſk.
So paſs'd the Summer's day ſerene and calm,
With grateful labour, and with gladneſs fill'd.
But ſoon the tranquil hour, the fanning breeze
That uſhers in the cool and humid Night,
The mildneſs ſoft ætherial, and all
The ſplendid radiance of the azure heav'n
Shall change, deſtructive horrors rend the ſkies,
And widely deſolate the ravaged fields.

No ſooner ſable Night her hov'ring ſhade
O'er earth diſperſes, while as yet along
The glimm'ring field the lab'rer tired retreats
With penſive ſtep, Lo, deep deſcends around
A denſer veil of darkneſs! ſpread immenſe
The loaded clouds, in whoſe vaſt boſom ſtores.
Are inly gather'd, Nitrous, or of black
Bitumen, with ſulphureous pow'rs combined.
O'er the inveſted world with awful gloom
The mingled horror broods; a ſultry heat's
Diffuſed, o'ercoming Man beneath the roof,
Or as in Nightly air expoſed, he ſeeks
A breeze refreſhful; haſtes along the plain
The Ruſtic Paſſenger, and gazing views

The doubtful terrors of the dang'rous ſtorm.

Above, the vap'ry clouds pent up reflect

A redden'd glare illumin'd, that o'er all

The deepen'd thickneſs radiates, dire effects

Portending thro' the agitated air.

The pow'rs ſulphureous now fermented cloſe

No longer hold their bounds incloſed, and burſt

To dread combuſtion turn'd; at firſt with ſwift

And ſudden flaſh the rapid lightning darts.

Sudden ſucceeds the mighty thund'ring peal,

Awhile at diſtance grumbling, till by ſlow

Degrees the rolling ſounds increaſe and ſwell

And circling round the rumbling Heav'ns, break out,

With ſtunning loudly deepen'd din o'er head

Immediate

Immediate burſting; flaſhes quick ſucceed
On flaſh, ſweeping with livid blaze the whole
Tumultuous air, and paſſive Earth below
Enlight'ning; the ſtill aggravated ſounds
Again break forth, till in continued rage
The Elements convuls'd and ſhaken wide,
Inceſſant roar round the aſtoniſh'd world.

Meantime deſcending rapid, rattles down
In rainy floods immenſe, a thicken'd ſhow'r.
Swift carried o'er the ragged heath, the hail
Beats loud, now pelting thro' the darkneſs, now
Thro' blaze ſucceſſive, and along the Lawn
Hurl'd by the tempeſt, ſtrikes the ſtanding herds,
Expoſed upon the bleak extended field.

Amazed and ſtill the helpleſs cattle gaze
Mute, fearful, motionleſs; on ev'ry ſide
New-fork'd, oblique, the ragged light'ning cleaves
The cloud, or oft expanſive to the ſight
In one vaſt ſheet of flame, that Night reſigns
Her blacken'd rule, and all is ſplendid Day
Terrific 'lumin'd, wrapt in mingled fire.
See, the wild woods irradiate ſhine afar,
Thro' inmoſt deep receſs, and horrors ſole
Diſcloſe to frighten'd trav'ller; ſhatter'd where
Or forceful pluckt the lofty branching Oak,
The foreſt pride, to Earth is proſtrate thrown.
Onward the tempeſt borne, the City's tow'r
Splits to the baſe; within th' inveſted field,

Unuſual ruin ſpreads, where many a beaſt
Lies breathleſs; ſad the tale of woe to tell,
That in the ſhelter'd Cot, the hurried blow
On Man deſtructive falls; for inſtant ſmote
E'en as he ſocial ſat with feſtive brow,
The lifeleſs Villager inclines his head;
And in the Parent's arms the Infant lies,
Pale-ſtretch'd, in all it's harmleſs looks unchang'd
Of Innocence, and ſmiling e'en in death.
The Matron ſtarts aghaſt; the younger group
Aſtoniſh'd tremble, whilſt loud-rending ſhriek
Pierces the horrors of the midnight ſcene.
But ſmaller terrors theſe, if diſtant climes
We view to ruin fated; where wide Earth

Convulſ'd,

Convuls'd, in direful agitation rocks,
And like a Sea of horror rolls around.
Each ſtep is danger, and alike to ſtop,
Is perilous; diſtracted to and fro
The Nations pour tumultuous, and with cries
And clam'rous uproar ſhock the val'rous mind.
Loud-tumbling from its baſe, with roaring din
Lo the vaſt city rolls it's tow'rs to earth!
Or ſinks ingulph'd from the aſtoniſh'd ſight,
In whoſe ſad place foul Lakes and deſert ſands
Upriſe, in dreary barren ſpace outſtretch'd.
Thence to the fields we fly, but ruin there
And gen'ral devaſtation lords it wide;
And many and oft unfathom'd opes a gulph,

And cloſes all-devouring; or no leſs
The terrors of impending fate appall,
Where like a troubled Ocean rolls from ſide
To ſide, in waves enormous the deep earth,
Unfaſten'd, and throws proſtrate the weak frame
Of Man, ſtill reeling, ſhaken ſtill ſupine.

To ſadden'd themes averſe, the tender Muſe
To homely proſpects grateful and ſerene,
Conducts; and when the Sun the Nightly fog
Hath firſt diſpell'd, with heart like Summer's morn
Brighten'd and glad, we iſſue chearful forth,
And tread thro' many a mead the ſparkling way.
There to the Village gay our ſteps we turn,
Where with his ſubject train the creſted Cock

Surrounded

Surrounded, echoes loud his lively din,
Shrill piercing thro' the morn; with rapid wing
Light as the floating feather, on the breeze
The agile Swallow plays, now waſted high
In air, now ſudden changing, ſkims along
The ſmooth and pearly green; the murm'ring ſound
Of buſy diſtant voice the ear aſſails,
From where employ'd the ſcatt'ring Ruſtics ply
Early attention to accuſtom'd toil.
In ſpotted group the ruminating herds
In yon adjoining field collected, give
Their milky ſtreams in willing plenty, while
The Milk-maid's carol, tuneful fills the breeze.
Enliven'd ſhews the ſcene; each Rural Cot,

Pours forth its chearful Tenants to the ſoil.
E'en boyiſh hands join in the daily taſk,
And homewards bear the deep and brimming pail;
Or in the neigh'bring fields, inſtructed learn
With readier eaſe to lift th' unwieldy ſpade.

As the bright Sun advances, Nature fades,
Oppreſs'd; the troublous throng of Inſect ſwarms
Poſſeſs the Sunſhine; on the open mead
Gather profuſe, and drive around diſpers'd
The wounded Herds, but ſee the watchful Swain
His lowing charge collects, and drives them forth,
In ſearch of cooler paſtures down the dale.

Beneath yon upland brow, bounding abrupt
The hill, in th' utmoſt range a thicket mix'd,

And wild entwining cloſes o'er the ſteep.
Deep'ning along the vale, to ample ſpace
Of lofty grove outſtretches, fertile deckt
With ſwelling Oaks, and rooted Elm uprear'd
With widen'd Foliage; there richeſt of ſoils,
Extends a paſture ſilent, dark, remote.
A pleaſing Landſcape! where in gentle ſtream
Soft brooks deſcending murmur, and around
Encircling theſe, wide-ſtooping Poplars hang
From bank to bank;—of various Foreſt tribes
The ſhade's luxuriant form'd! for ſtands the Beech,
And Sycamore expanding, Aſpin ſtraight
And agitative, Aſh of Muſcly trunk,
The Elm, and branching Oak of Lawn or Grove

The Ornament, with Limes of cluſter'd head;
Majeſtic Cedar, Pines of lineal growth,
Uplifted in mid air erect and tall.
Beneath, a mix'd and od'rous Fragrance breathes
Thro' the ſtill air, from various flow'rs perfumed,
And gaudy-ſprinkled;—ſcene of rural ſweets!
Mild ſpot, where all delights concenter'd ſhew,
That Nature e'er in theſe fair climes diffuſed.

Hither the herds and panting flocks compell'd,
Are onward driv'n, and deck the beauteous ſcene.
How grateful there imagination marks
The nearer view, where fleecy wand'rers ſtray
From glade to glade, and bliſsful, ſilent, graze.
Inactive moved the ling'ring Herds ſlow ſeek

The bubbling ſtream, and thro' it's gravelly tide
A chryſtal depth explore; a parted ray
Pierces the ſpace, that on the ſpotted tribe
A various hue reflects, and ſparkling bright,
A radiance ſcatters on th' unequal wave.
Beneath the ſpreading tree collected ſtand
A penſive Group, that toſſing oft upraiſe
Their branching foreheads, teaz'd with many a wing'd
Buzzing Diſturber of the wiſh'd repoſe.
The limpid tide it's weighty crowd contains,
Low bent and drooping to the eddies wild,
That hurry round; and there beſide the trunk,
That leans aſlant the ſtream, to ſleep inclined
Reſort a drowſy Few, that dull recline,

And ruminate, with interjected ſound,
That hollow deep'ning moans along the vale.
Nor diſtant far the Shepherd on the green,
With ſtraggling ſhrub and leaves around his head
Entwined, fann'd by the Zephyr, the long day
In ſlumber paſſes, or with tranquil mind
Attentive, liſtens to the tuneful notes
Of birds loud-warbling in the vocal grove.

Thrice happy He, who from ambition, pomp,
And greatneſs far removed, enjoys the calm
Superior bleſſings of an humble Life.
'Twere true to tell, in lot obſcure, remote,
Stranger to ſplendour, that the Sons of wealth
Adorns, he lives unknowing and unknown.

How

How ſelt of this the want? he knew not pomp,
His heart unconſcious wiſh'd not for the change.
But joys peculiar to the placid wiſh
Adapted, ſource of greateſt bleſſings health,
Attend his years of youth, his years of age.
With theſe his humble mind forms to itſelf
Felicity, and free from envy and compare
Of others wealth, it's ſuited bliſs attains.
The fountain thus of ſlow-declining Life
Glides down the vale of years, and peaceful ſtill
With gently flowing current ſinks and falls.
Such is the period to be wiſh'd; to meet
With heart ſerene the laſt and certain lot,
And cloſe with age of Peace a youth of joy.

Moaning along the hollow vale, a breeze
Riſes at Eve, that freſh'ning from the South
And ſwells progreſſive; there beyond the hill,
Vaſt are the clouds that in one heap convoly'd
From Weſt to Eaſt expand; but ſep'rate ſoon
And like an army, mix'd tumultuous drive
Along the face of Heav'n; they fix at length
High at the Zenith, where a num'rous force
Gradual collects, then in wide circles ſad
Diffuſive, ſhades the World, and blackneſs pours.
The Night deſcends, and darker cloſes all;—
Blotted from Eaſtern ſky the full-orb'd Moon
In vain at early Eve aſcended; total ſinks
Obſcured, or peeping partial o'er the ſcene,

Oft breaks the margin of a paſſing cloud.
The gleam diſcovers faint the leafy wood,
Wide-waving; thro' the vale the curling ſtream,
And rapid haſtning; on the neighb'ring hill
A glimpſe of cattle, tranquil flocks, and herds,
Or grazing ſlow, or there to ſleep reſign'd.
Chance too beneath the hedge with ſtooping head
The ſlumb'ring horſe well-ſhelter'd from the gale.
Nor yet ſhine out the ſtars, nor to the Night
E'en future radiance promiſe; thick'ning clouds
The azure ſeat of Conſtellations wrap,
And low, and wide, and dark extinguiſh all.
Thus thro' the Night, 'tis black ſuſpenſe, and doubt
Of brooding floods, nor by the world unwiſh'd

A plenteous

A plenteous Deluge of th' o'erloaded ſkies.
But ſtronger blows a cloud-diſpelling ſtorm ;—
Then fly th' ætherial veſſels, turbid borne,
Oft meeting, mingling oft, and reeling ſoon,
Repell'd, and ſhock'd ; commotion rules the whole ;
As deeply ſinking to the North deſcend
The ſhow'ry harbingers, ſucceſſive riſe
In point oppoſed new-weighted pow'rs nor leave
The Æther unmoleſted ; ſtarting breaks
Chance to the ſight a claſhing miſt, and ſhews
Encircling Halo round the pallid Moon.

But broods not now the thunder, direful rage
Of Heav'n, nor Lightning fierce, electric, pent
Within the dang'rous cloud ; for all is threat

Of uſeful treaſures to the faded fields,
Long by the burning ceaſeleſs ray diſtreſs'd.
Rejoice we then! ye huſbandmen rejoice!
Rejoice! Mankind, to whom the fertile Meads,
And paſtures fill'd with living ſtores 'pertain.
Certain impends a ſhow'ry gift, nor light,
Nor inſufficient, but ſhall cheriſh all
Plenteous, and Vegetation's pow'rs revive.

At early dawn ſucceeding, the glad hope's
Compleat; for ſettling low the weighted force
Opes the pent ſtores, and furious drives them down.
Ere from our chambers iſſuing to behold
The new-day's light, the noiſy tumult's heard,
Rattling on ſloping rooof, the penthouſe near,

And

And hollow caſement; outward ſcenes we view;—
At later hour ſcarce is the morn confirm'd;
Dark lours the miſty ſky, dreary alike,
Where'er the ſight we bend; the diſtant face
Of earthly objects indiſtinct and ſad.
With many a ſtagnate pool the Mead is ſpread,—
Or torrents ſweep the furrows; Lo the ſoil
Of garden blackens; and within the walks
Inclining ſteep, a trickling current haſtes.
Whither retire ye in the wat'ry ſcene
Ye ſwift-wing'd wand'rers of the plain? for now
Scarce e'en the ſolitary raven ſtems
The turbid air croaking, complaining loud.
Ere long, ſucceeding ſlow with dripping plumes,

Diſtant from home o'erta'en, the cawing rook
Joyleſs returning ſeeks her ſhadowy neſt.
We mark the fields new-chang'd and verdant! where
Nature refreſh'd a vivid green reſumes.
Thrice beauteous colour! to the human eye
Chearful 'bove all! and where the hedge diſplays
A brighter hue; where various glows the grove;
And in deep-blooming evergreen adorn'd,
Or in it's lighter tints luxuriant ſmiles.
Enliv'ning theſe to view, tho' rains pour on
As 'twere, exhauſtleſs; now the hours we cheat
That from the outward ſcenes forbid, by joy
Domeſtic, books, and friends of ſocial turn,
That converſation join, to each a gay

And glad relief; and happieſt thus we paſs
The whole and deluged day, at home immured,
But not to gloomy expectation giv'n,
Such as in joyleſs Winter ſure aſſails.
The deep'ning ſhow'rs continued flow 'till Night,
And ſtill rage furious, while the cloſing ſhade
Hangs gloomy round; then the dim Landſcape fades,
Total; the hills and vales ſudden retire,
And leave an endleſs darkneſs; Hope to Man
Companion bliſsful ever, many a day
Of brightneſs forms ſucceeding; certain full
The coming morn expects, a livelier ſcene;
While pleaſing gratified, as hope is oft
Prime joy, the grateful promiſe chears his Soul.

The Muſe invites me next to view ſerene
The reinſtated Summer, glorious Day;
For ſhines the Sun gay from the lucid cope;
Whitens the diſtant cloud; beneath on earth,
Sparkles the pearly veſture of the plain;
While from the dripping tree fall the big drops
The wand'ring paſſenger forbidding thence,
To opener ſpace compelling; and behold,
Oft by the breeze when accidental moved,
The branch rain-ſprinkled thicker ſhow'r conſigns.
Swell'd is the pond, and o'er the margin'd fall
Spouts plenteous;—muddier glide the lifted ſtreams
Of copious river, and no more reflect
The hanging tree, and azure vault of heav'n.

The Garden ſhews refreſh'd ; beauty unfolds,
Of flowr's, and ſhrubs, and fruits thro' all the year
Unmatch'd ; but firſt the teeming ſigns we mark
Of Earth prolific, where in Sunny ray
Smoaks the new bed of Vegetation full.
Innum'rous burſting opes to budding ſeeds
The ſoil ; wider expand the gaudy flow'rs,
And drink the moiſt'ning ſtrength, and chearing warmth.
The tempting fruits behold, that yonder walls
Adorn ! the Vi'let-ſprinkled Plumb, the Peach
Soft bluſhing, downy, like the lovely glow
On Beauty's cheek ; the green and melting Gage,
That with it's ſweet'ning breath the Inſect tribe
Attracts ; the Nect'rine flavour'd, purple, rich ;—

Bent downwards cluſt'ring Cherries, gay to ſight,
And on the ſtalk deep-redd'ning, plump and fair;
There many a wand'ring waſp his glutted taſte
Full ſatiates; while beneath, the hum of bees
Broken and various, as they roam, or fix
Aſſiduous, iſſues from the ſhady ſhrub,
Or mingled flow'rs, and lulls the placid ſenſe.
There too beneath the leaves they ſudden burſt
In winged troops, threat'ning intruſive Man.
And ſee the painted various-ſpangled fly
Settling on yonder plant! his burniſh'd wing,
The pride of gaudy Nature, ſhedding tints
Bright as the Rainbow, on her fancied tribes.

From day to day the ſultry hours increaſe ;
And to the cooling arbour twined around
With fragrant woodbine, and the od'rous flow'rs
Of Jeſs'mine breathing ſweet and balmy gales,
Thro' the green ſhade I take my loit'ring way,
In theſe warm hours with Indolence moſt pleaſed.
Here fix'd at eaſe upon the tufted ſeat,
The wand'ring mind 'tis pleaſure to indulge.
And waft the fancy far to diſtant climes,
Removed ; Imagination brings to view
The Æquatorial regions, torrid tracts
Beneath the burning line ; wide Afric's ſcene,
By blazing heat oppreſs'd, fierce as the rage
Of glowing Furnace, with whoſe pow'r compared

Our Day is cool, and temp'rate as the Spring,
Where falls the fiery pow'r intolerate,
Prone from the Sun, in one collected blaze,
Impetuous thrown; the fertile gifts of earth
Exhauſted die, and burnt up to the root
The graſſy verdure fails, nor to the eye
Extends relief from all the dazzling glare.
Lo! in a deſert whiten'd waſte extends
The arid plain, unbounded to the view!
Or onward, where the ſhelt'ring woods ſhut out
The noonday Sun, to all the pow'rs of Life
Refreſhful, opens there a various view
With Life and buſy animation fill'd,
But perilous—to Man with horrors fraught.

Where the grim Tyger to th' exhauſted Spring
In rage of thirſt ſtalks furious; or where proud
In matchleſs ſtrength the Monarch of the wood
Roars loud defiance to his frighten'd foes.
Shrill howl the hungry wolves with eager rout
Scouring the open glade, in rav'nous troops
On ſlaughter bent, while to the diſmal yell
The ringing woods re-echo; ſtarts aghaſt
The ſhrinking fancy! ſhudd'ring at the ſounds,
And fears to tread the path obſcure, where deep
Conceal'd, the ſpringing Tyger chance may lurk,
The fell Hyæna, or the ſhaggy Bear.
Such dreadful ſcenes the boldeſt heart of man
Diſmay; well-arm'd and reſ'lute oft retires

With ſudden Panic ſeiz'd, th' aſſailing band,
When the fierce Lion in huge might o'ergrown
With glaring eye undaunted to the fight
Advances, and with ſhaggy creſt uprear'd,
Diſputes dominion with deſtructive Man.
A diff'ring view at diſtance opens, great
And awful, where in num'rous phalanx join'd
The bulky Elephants move ſlowly on,
A troop embodied huge, in pow'rs combined
Matchleſs, diſdainful of controul, but mild,
In peaceful habits gentle, nor to war
Inclined ;—the cumb'rous army bend their way,
To fertile paſtures tend, or cultured fields,
By Man improved, where ſpreads the rip'ning grain.

There as they journey, the far ruin'd waſte
Wide marks their unreſiſted track; and vain
Th' cluſt'ring woods with maſſy trunks uprear'd
Th' unwieldly weight withſtand, but proſtate yield
Loud broke and torn beneath the pond'rous ſhock.

In Fancy thence to Weſtern ſcenes we tend
O'er the wide Ocean's ſpace far diſtant borne;
To where the Amazonian flood extends
Its wat'ry boſom, traverſing a world
Outſtretch'd, and great, immeaſurable flows.
Majeſtic roll thy deep embodied ſtreams
O pow'rful Flood, and pow'rful are thy dread
Inhabitants! within thy dark retreats
Dwells the ſcaled Crocodile, or on the tide
Extended, opes his wide voracious jaws

For fatal graſp prepared ; a deadly foe
To all ! invincible in conflict tried
E'en with the furious Tyger, that moleſts
His ſolitary haunts ; ſole equal reigns
O'er the divided Empire of the floods,
Unconquer'd Hippopotamus, that lifts
His head undaunted from the heaving depth,
An endleſs bulk to the aſtoniſh'd view
Slow-riſing ! undiſturb'd or walks the woods,
'Midſt the grim tyrants of the Foreſt ſafe,
And fearleſs, not provoking combat, whilſt
In ſtrength unmatch'd, and beaſt and Man defies.
A fertile ſcene of plenty calls us home ;
For o'er th' extended corn deep-bearded ears

Burſting from graſſy ſtalk innum'rous ſhoot;
At firſt thin-ſpreading to the view, but ſoon
Shoot high, and full, and deep, of loaded heads
A thick'ning throng; and ſwift the plenteous change;
For midway ſtreaming to the lofty fence
Sudden the field is lifted in it's growth,
Unequal; but perfection wiſh'd mature
Shall not for many a day the timely taſk
Of Harveſt urge;—uncertain ſtill th' event,
Of promiſed plenty doubtful the ſucceſs.
Lo, on the tepid ſkies ſhall much depend,
Uninterrupted brightneſs, louring ne'er,
Nor with wide deluge laying waſte the fields.
Much too on breezes ſoft, the breathing South,

Or ſav'ring Zephyr; whilſt O pow'r of Earth
Prolific, ſtill we look to thee with hope,
And ardent thought! fail not the Ruſtic care,
Anxious and univerſal! with thy rich
Exub'rant fatneſs fill the teeming grain!
And thou, maturing Sun, eſſential heat,
Give thy full aid, compleat the rip'ning ſcene!
All blighting miſts diſpell, and thoſe dank pow'rs,
Unſeaſonable, that oft hurtful fall,
And ſpread deſtruction on the ſwelling plain.

Where o'er the Vale the deep culmif'rous growth
Spreads many a rood, behold as Zephyrs ſweep,
Along the land, all agitative ſeems;
A floating Sea unſettled; while the breeze

Ruffles the margin of the bending corn;
Then onward rolls, till in a tumult all
Concuſſive ſhakes; and there as weſt-winds riſe,
Iſſues a murmur from the ruſtling ears.
We penſive liſten; gradual ſwells the ſound;
Then wafted far ſinks in the parting guſt.
Wild-ſcared aſcends the Lark, immediate o'er
Her deepen'd covert hov'ring ſtill;—low ſkims
The twitt'ring ſwallow o'er the billowy field.
A crowd of greedy Rooks low-ſtooping view
The toſſing ſtores beneath, and noiſy claim
With unavailing cries the tempting food.
Loud ſounds the ſcene amuſive; and behold
As wand'ring there the twining path we tread,

From th' utmoſt ridge with young and new-fledg'd troop
Attended, breaks the creeping Partridge forth;
Thence to the diſtant brake, low-ſhrubb'd and fill'd
With ſhelt'ring briar and fern, where no wild winds
Moleſt, ſhrill-chirping calls her thronging brood—
As yellow chang'd the ſmiling Landſcape ſwells,
Beauteous the view! but grateful chief to mark
Of each induſtrious hand the promiſed hope!
Th' approaching comforts of the poor Man's toil.
Theſe to the ſocial mind benign, afford
A pleaſing contemplation; noble He
Beyond the reſt of men, who bleſt with eaſe,
And affluence, forms a wiſh for other's good,
Who ſees with heartfelt joy the humble roof

With plenteous bleſſings crown'd, the honeſt hand
Of Induſtry, it's due rewards attain.

When Evening on the radiant æther ſheds
It's dimmer gleams, the ſober-ſhaded ſky
Inveſting, where along the rural plain
Shall health and pleaſure lead us? ſhall we tread
With ſocial ſtep the widely-ſpreading lawn?
Thither the chequer'd beauty of the ſcene
By Ev'ning's charms new-heighten'd, chief invite.
Should dazzling rays of th' horizontal Sun
Moleſt, the grove it's pleaſing ſhade ſupplies!
Where broods a ſolemn darkneſs; tranquil where
Dwells mild Serenity; and placid where
Is ſooth'd the mind, tumultuous thoughts aſſuaged,

And Paſſions wild forgot; contraſted all
And ev'ry view the woodland ſhade beneath,
To thoſe of ſplendour on the glaring plain.
Or diff'ring ſcenes may chance delight thee? ſhall
We rather to the River's bank repair,
And ſeated view the glaſſy-flowing ſtream?—
How ſtill the gentle tide advances down
It's ſtealing courſe, that e'en the waving breath
Of Zephyrs, ſcarcely curls a limpid wave!—
Soft undulates alone the circling flood,
Where the proud Swan advances bold upraiſed,
Indignant, and with angry efforts drives
The parted ſtream beneath his ſwelling breaſt.—
Tranſparent lucid Element! thy depth

The Eye explores ; e'en from the fathom'd height
Sparkles thy pebbly bed ; of ſpotted hue !
And agitative ſeems beneath the wave.—
There, ſudden ſhelving and deep ſunk a chaſm
Darkens to view ! the ſeat of finny tribes,
That fear the ſhoal, and love to dwell unſeen !
How ſmoothly ſweeping round the jutting bank
Twines a bright Eddy, laving th' oozy ſand !
And ſee in many a paſſing crowd, the trout
Darts various, there collected upward, reſts
Buoyant in placid ſhelter, or ſtarts thence
Sudden alarm'd, where the low-waving branch
Of pendent tree, moves in the ruſtling breeze.—
The Mead around us ſpread it's charms diſplays ;

Many a Golden bloſſom; interſpers'd
The whiten'd clover flow'r, or gaudier red.
All by the Sun new-painted radiant; Liſt!
Where chirps the graſshopper in ev'ry tuft,
Enliven'd; further hence diſpers'd the flocks,
In chearful bleating echo from the grove,
Their paſtured limits traverſing, or roam
At large, wide-nibbling o'er the level lawn.

See thro' yon leafy branch the glaring Sun
Throws many a chequer'd ray, oblique and blue
Shewn thro' the æther mild; innum'rous while
Wreath'd to and fro, light as the ambient air,
The Inſect race ſport in the ſparkling beam.
Of brighten'd days preſage! for from their haunts

Allured all roam abroad, the hollow'd tree,
The chink and porous earth relinquiſh ; thence
Gather around, and ply the ſtrengthen'd wing.
And conſcious they the period ſhort of life
Employ, for ſoon Autumnal hours ſhall come,
And drive them ſudden from the face of Day.
But ere the Sun deſcend, proceed we hence,
And ſeek the open pain ; the hour is nigh,
When the bright pow'r of Day his courſe ſhall end
O'er this wide Hemiſphere, and weſtern tend,
The nether world impartial, kind, to cheer.
Here fix'd the whole we view ;—nor hill, nor grove
E'er intercept ;—a pleaſing ſight ! how falls
The ſplendour, gradual turn'd to ſteadier Eve !

Twinkling and ceas'd reluctant, how the beams
Of calmer light retire, and full reſign
The Earth to Night! behold at firſt the broad
Orb, as increaſed deciduous, fiery flames,
And crimſon ſtain'd! o'er him the ſprinkled clouds
That ſtand Majeſtic fix'd, unmoved, red blaze,
A ruddy diſk reflect like num'rous Suns.

Now at the deſtined hour beneath the hill
Verging, the ſanguin'd Circle dips his Edge;
There glares a gorgeous ſegment, till by ſlow
Degrees oblique he ſinks, and ſcarce the tip
Of Golden beam darts lineal o'er the land.
Retired at length, ſhoots to the Zenith high
From pow'r unſeen a laſt deſcending ray.

Retreat the train, companions of the Sun
The gaudy clouds, and far behind them leave
A ſplendid azure, that ſtill ſhines awhile
Enlighten'd, nor as yet the ſtars admits
Forth to the Night, to ope their ſparkling fires.—
The Eaſt ſurvey, where deeper ſhaded ſkies
Hold gen'ral darkneſs, ſave the brighter few
Of unform'd conſtellations, that begin
To peep abroad; but on the weſtern plain,
Slow fall the ſhades, and with a duſky hue,
Half-lighten'd, half-obſcured, and mingling gleam.
The Dew floats humid, as deeper advanced
Night univerſal wraps the cloſing world,
And ſolemn-ſhaded, on the darken'd Earth

Low-broods and ſilent; but with trembling Light
The Silver moon along the azure ſoon
Reſplendent riſing, ſkirts the Eaſtern hill.
Thencë in a heightened courſe wide-ſcatters o'er
The ſloping wood, and thro' the ſhadows pŏurs
It's floating radiance o'er the humbler vale.—
The cooler hours arrived; and no fierce beam
Of warmth diſtreſsful from the ſplendid heav'ns
Deſcends; the Landſcape to the penſive mind
More pleaſing opens, with the ſtrong-mark'd ſhade
Of earthly objects intermix'd; the buſh,
The Grove deep blacken in their varied forms,
And mark the ſpace beneath; the Water-fall
At diſtant glimpſe a ſparkling light reflects,

And ceaſeleſs glitters in the Lunar ray.

Lo, upward caſt thine eye, where twinkling ſhine

Millions on millions of refulgent ſtars,

On Heav'n's great concave! conſtellations ſpread,

In thicken'd group innum'rous ;—there with bright

And triplet Light Orion ſtands diſplay'd,

With æqui-diſtant gems diſtinguiſh'd ; high

Placed in the ſkies conſpicuous ſhines the Bear

Of wider magnitude, in well-known ſite,

And near directs thee to the Polar point.

Diſtinguiſh'd Planet glows, where ſteadier ſeen

The ruddy Mars his borrow'd ray reflects.

The ſcene to Contemplation turns the heart ;

And infinite the Hand Supreme atteſts,

That firſt th' illimitable ſpace outſtrech'd

Immenſe

Immenſe, that in their place the Planets fix'd,
Immutable revolving; that ordain'd
The Cent'ral heat prime chearer of the whole
Great Planetary Syſtem, by whoſe ſtrength
Of Impulſe, each in well-ruled Duties act.
The Annual courſe of Earth how wond'rous! where
To ev'ry region th' higher tending Sun
In ſtated period reaches; various hence
The Seaſons roll, and diſtant Climes receive
It's fertile gift, in hour expected bleſt
With brighter preſence of th' aſcending Orb.
We mark thy wond'rous revolution, Earth,
Around thine axis, whence or Night or Day
The dark or 'lumin'd Hemiſphere inveſt.

Glorious to human Eye the whole's diſplay'd!
Of boundleſs Pow'r the work! behold, extends
Creation's order, univerſal, vaſt,
And each to each adapted; all declare
The Hand of might, the Hand of Wiſdom Who
Dealt all for greateſt purpoſe; conſcious Man,
Superior made of lower creatures, ſole
Judge upon Earth of all Thy wond'rous acts,
Creator, Good, Supreme, ſhould ponder theſe
With admiration; give to Thee the Praiſe,
From whom Creation, Life, Exiſtence came.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PROSPECTS.

BOOK III.

LO! milder Autumn comes with haſt'ning ſtep,
In chearful robes of Golden plenty dreſt.
Now is the Harveſt of the Sickle, where
With loaded ear the yellow plain extends,
Mature and drooping; num'rous is the train
Of ſkilful Ruſtics, that at early morn
Deep lev'lling pierce the floating crop; and ſcared
By ſteps approaching, and diſturbance loud,
The lark wild thrilling leaves her lov'd retreat.
The hour is ſeaſonable; boding well

To cloſing taſk of tillage; ſcarce a cloud
Is diſtant ſcatter'd o'er the blue expanſe.
And now a new-ſhorn ſpace is wide diſcloſed,
And ſparkling ſplendid; moved aſſiduous on,
The Reaper marks his way low-bent, and throws
The plenteous graſp oblique; till thick oppoſed,
Gradual the bearded crop inclines its head—
Long ere the Night her dark'ning ſhadows pour,
Aſſiſting hands approach; the ſtores adapt;
In copious ſheaf ſecure; then cov'ring deep,
The ſhelt'ring rows, or loftier ſtack upraiſe,
And cloſe the Harveſt of the ripen'd field.
— Thy bleſſings, Induſtry, the Muſe inſpire
To ſing of thee; from thee unrivall'd ſhine

In greatneſs ſplendid Empires, o'er the reſt
In wealth and pow'r exalted; from thy wide
Extended Impulſe thro' the ſpreading tracts
Of Ocean num'rous navies plough the deep,
And of the diſtant climes the treaſures bear,
From port to port; from thee diffuſes round
A Genial Influence, that like the ray
Of Summer Suns, an univerſal Life
Supplies, that ev'ry bleſſing on Mankind
Thick-ſhedding, animates the languid World.
From Thee in ev'ry region cultured blooms
The ſoil, and yields it's plenteous gifts; the Hills,
And Vallies ſmile; a richer growth the field
Adorns, and in a copions range the plain,

Spreads to the ſight it's inexhauſted ſtore.
From thee reſplendent riſes to the view
The fair-built City, glitt'ring and adorned,
Rais'd by the Sons of wealth; where ev'ry wiſh
Of comfort, eaſe, and joy is full ſupplied.
The paſſing ſtranger's wonder! where around
The crowd aſſiduous throng, and each in works
Various employ'd, in glad and ſocial bliſs,
A Life of competence, or wealth enjoy.
— Here let me name with patriot wiſhes fired
Belov'd Ierne's Iſle, our native ſeat,
Whom not a Muſe is found to greet on all
The riſing glories of her proſp'rous day.
Thrice hail, O beauteous kingdom, temp'rate Clime,

Fair-op'ning, with eternal verdure crown'd!
Great Nature form'd thee 'midſt the proſp'rous world
Rival of ſplendour; form'd thee for a State
Of happy wealth; thy ports unequall'd; rich
Thy ſoil in produce, and each fertile growth.
Thy Sons induſtrious when the means of Good
Accrue, and plenteous Commerce open'd wide
Invites; when wretchedneſs is baniſh'd from
The door of Poverty; nor from thy Sons
E'er roſe the cauſe of mis'ry, nor when droop'd
The untill'd ſoil, to them impute the fault.
But the harſh hour is paſt; the time is come
When all to raiſe thy Infant ſtrength, combine.
Free as the paſſage of the well-known ſea

Thy

Thy pow'r of riches whence e're many a year
Revolve their wealth accumulate, their lov'd
Ierne ſmile, thy Natives ſhall behold.—
For tenfold Harveſts ſhall thy fields adorn;
Thy Cities flouriſh; pop'lous numbers riſe,
In greatneſs, and in affluence increaſed.
Oft at an early hour, e're the bright Sun
Th' Horizon orient gilds, the face of Day
Tranquil extends; the verge of diſtant ſkies
Of greyeſt hue apparent; the gay tribe
Of feather'd Songſters ſtill the ſhade poſſeſs,
Their Nightly ſeat, nor yet the open'd day,
Or gleaming Sun with tuneful Carols greet.
O'er the wide plain extends a dew congeal'd,

And pearly Froſt, where many a footſtep traced
Of early paſſenger, the greener blade
Diſcovers; loud in conſultation join
The buſy Ruſtics to their uſeful plough
The patient oxen yoking, and with ſtrokes
Of ſkilful hand the ſharpen'd ſhare adapt,
To various force intended, or refit
The fractured damage of the former day.

Soon as the Sun aſcends, the lively ſcene
More pleaſing glows; ſwift melts the dew beneath
Low-beaming rays, and from the thorny hedge,
And hanging briar, tranſlucent drops deſcend,
As ſparkling gems reſplendent; on the breeze,
Borne thro' the lawn diſperſing vapours ſmoke.

From buſh to buſh, their wild reſponſive notes
Loud ply the feather'd Songſters;—chief of theſe,
Sonorous heard the whiſtling Blackbird tunes
His mellow ſtrain, and echoes from the grove.
The Concert ſwells; the Linnet pours his lay,
Gay-piping from the hawthorn; the ſhrill Finch
Of various tribes, each by a gen'ral joy
Enliven'd, anſwer; whilſt the ſmaller wren
Lends it's full aid, and ſtrains it's thrilling throat.

Ye chearful tribes, yé know not the diſtreſs
Of coming Seaſons, happy in the gift
Of preſent plenty; for not many a month
Removed, the cruel year your pow'rs ſhall chill
Of vig'rous Life, your ſuſtenance withhold,

And millions in a ling'ring fate involve.

Then in drear ſilence ſhall the Hawthorn hedge

Extend deſerted, while along the plain,

Drooping and ſad ye ſeek your ſcanty fare;

All huſh'd around, ſave from the ſhelt'ring buſh,

Where notes of Woe ſhall iſſue plaintive forth.

Now cool'd by many a ſcatter'd ſhow'r and grown

More temp'rate, changes oft th' autumnal ſky.

A pearly Dew floats wide; or whiten'd Fog,

Dulling the clear expanſe; and oft at noon,

Skirted with heavier miſts th' horizon round.

The breezy Weſt upriſes! gathers far

Many a Cloud immenſe, and drives them forth,

Obſcuring all; declining rays retire,

For many an hour conceal'd, or break awhile,
Chance-iſſuing; then invelop'd, deep in ſhade,
Faint to the ſight; ſeverer Autumn ſpreads
His rule, and ling'ring warmth of Summer chills.
For now in guſt concuſſive bears a Gale,
Scouring the plain; nor turbid felt alone,
But nipping, keen; where many a paſſive grove
Struck by the deadly pow'r, diſcolour'd ſhrinks.
Dull broods the Foreſt; brown the cluſt'ring ſhrubs
A fatal change! while on the ſick'ning plain,
Alike extends the blight, and pierc'd to heart,
The hedge and branching tree deep-wither'd fade.
As yet the fav'ring Sky the works aſſiſts
Of Rural harveſt, and the daily taſk

Proceeds uninterrupted ; o'er the field,

Are pour'd profuſe around a Ruſtic Crowd.

Some from the Stack throw forth it's bearded heap

Ruſtling and ſhaken as it falls around.

Or ſpread the yellow plenty, while on high

The buſy hands a well-bound heap uplift,

Or o'er the mead conduct the ringing team.

Echoes the voice of Labour ; lively mirth

Free from the heart reſounds, with ſocial talk

Or frolic intermix'd ;—the Village ſwarms

Around it's buſy limits ; near at hand,

The loaded train beneath a ſheaffy pile

Gaily advances, chear'd by many a ſong.

Their Labour o'er, the Swains with feſtive dance

And ruſtic revels greet the happy day.

Soon from the Mountain brow with louder ſhock
Roars down the howling wind, and growls in loud
Reverberated murmurs down the dale.
High-branching Elms ſtoop to the ſtorm, and move
Their ſtubborn ſtrength; the darken'd thicket ſhews,
From inmoſt depth diſturb'd; unſhelter'd tree
Chance ſcatter'd, labours heav'd from ſide to ſide.
Inceſſant ruſtlings from the Foreſt walks
Swell in the tempeſt; thence from liſt'ning ear
Fall diſtant, rolling, mournful; rage the winds
Still fierce increaſed, and mightier ſhake the woods.
Behold of ſhatter'd leaf continued ſhow'rs
Thick'ning deſcend, and in cloſe contact toſs'd,

Incumber'd

Incumber'd, intercepted, ev'ry bough,
Of all it's ſhadowy veſt tumultuous ſtripp'd
The Foreſt waves it's head, naked, and ſtill
Convuls'd ;—now Deſolation's full compleat ;—
For Genial beauties of the Landſcape torn,
And ſad diſpers'd, the gloomy year at once
Uſurps dominion o'er the faded world.

So Beauty dies, and thus attractive charms
That deck the youthful Fair, to conqu'ring time
Their pow'r reſign ; for in a later year,
Life's gilded Summer flies, and ſwift ſucceeds
Autumnal hour, of ſtrength and roſy health
Deſtructive ; chill'd the ſpreading bloſſom ſhrinks,
When ſcarcely open'd to the brighten'd day

Gay paſs'd the feſtive Noon, and Evening comes,
With age unhealthful, nipping Beauty's flow'r,
That bloom'd ſo lovely on the dimpled cheek.
But fear not this, ye wiſer Fair, who add
To outward Grace adorn'd, true mental worth,
In dignity and ſenſe accompliſh'd; theſe
The Ravages of time defy, and when
The fleeting bloom of beauty fade, a charm
Shall ſtill preſerve, unalter'd; ſtill ſhall gain
True admiration, loved eſteem, reſpect,
And pow'rful captivate the Soul of Man.

Autumnal hour, attemper'd Seaſon, calls
To rural ſports; O lend thy willing aid,
Inſpiring Muſe! with us the ſtubbled haunts

Explore, and where with ſocial group combined,
The ſpeckled partridge to the ſhade retires.
The ſcene deſcriptive mark; events declare,
How by the ſtaunch-fix'd Dog and Fowler ſkill'd
The feather'd brood's ſubdued; what grateful joys
So artful ſought, attend the ſportive day.

But ſad the Taſk, and brief ſhould be the tale;
For O ye plumy tribes, of pencil'd wing,
And ruddy-circling breaſt, of brighten'd eye,
Quick-glancing, lively, oft your chearful call
Hath pleaſed my liſt'ning ear, at Sunny eve,
Shrill iſſuing, grateful! oft your ſprightly train
Piercing the ſtubble, or wild flurrying round,
The ſober ſcene with animation fill'd.

Now all ſhall fail; ſad Deſolation now
Shall drive you from the plains, or ſcatter'd far,
Or lifeleſs ſtruck; whether in hidden ſhade
Of noon-tide ſhelter, or in mazy track
Of early rout, alike the danger broods.
Deſtructive arms the buſy ſearch begin,
And hoſtile war againſt your harmleſs Life.
The brake attempting ſwift, where tainted gales
Contiguous game betray, the ſcenting dog
In full career ſtops ſtedfaſt;—Lo, his fix'd
And conſcious eye the prey at hand declares!
And prudent he, and to his well known taſk
Obedient, nor the tempting wing oppoſed
E'en to his graſp, allures him from his poſt.

But when deep-ruſtling foes eſcaping creep,
Or hurry fearful drawn, he ſlowly on,
Watchful of new Intent, treads, ſilent, ſoft.—
The Fowler ſtands prepared, and bids his ſlave
Free at the nod advance; a tumult's raiſed!
Upſprings the heavy throng and fluſhing wild,
Various with labour'd flight! thunders the gun!
And rapid ſtroke of Death in air o'ertakes
The ſlow-wing'd crowd; for ſee, in quiver'd ſhock
Outſpread, the reeling game, roll'd from on high
Rebounding ſtrikes, and flutters on the ground.

Thus daily rages a deſtructive war,
And death ſwift dealt around in ev'ry field
Inſatiate thunders; to the feeling breaſt

Sad is the proſpect, where in madd'ning mirth
The pitileſs Fowler on the flying throng
Deſtruction pours, and deſolates the plains.
Diſtreſsful ſcene of thoughtleſs ſport! to ſeize
A wounded Victim, and his painted wing
Stain with a bloody death! the tender mind
Shrinks at the thought! nor leſs the cruel deed,
When in a meſhy ſnare a flutt'ring group
Luckleſs involv'd, are by the murd'rous foe
To gen'ral ſlaughter doom'd;—could our weak Muſe
With pow'rs perſuaſive the hard heart of Man
To pity move, from cruel deeds diſſuade,
In ſtudied ſtrains, ſhe'd inexhauſted try
The arduous work; but fruitleſs were the taſk,

When

When uncontroul'd the tyrant ſpreads his pow'r,
Relentleſs as the beaſt, that furious ſeeks
His nightly prey, and prowls the deſert wilds.
When faintly gleaming morn with blacken'd night
Divided Empire holds, along the heath
Steals forth the timid hare, and ſeeks the mead,
By hunger urg'd;—there luckleſs fate! athwart
Her mazy rout the pack conducted ſtrike.
Conſcious at once with ſounding roar they lift
Their eager throats; 'tis Muſic, tuneful all,
To many a ſportſman who in fancy form
Harmonious notes concordant; tuneful all
To them the ringing vale, where clam'rous din
Is loud confuſed, and lifted to the ſkies

Tumultuous

'Tumultuous; blended full the Hunter's voice,
Shrill-piercing, to the diſtant group declares
Expected game; and now the hungry hounds
With ſpeed outſtretch, and deeply latent ſcent
Imbibe; but oft in ardent hurry borne,
Ill-judging wander, till the ſteaming track
Encount'ring ſure, again they furious trail.
Increaſes ſtill the rage, where near at hand
And cloſe inveſted lies the footed prey.

There the brown tenant of the field, in fear
Trembling, uncertain, hears the threat'ning cry.
At length delay were fatal; forth ſhe ſprings
'Midſt the wide tumult, ſcarce eſcaping, ſlipt
E'en thro' the jaws of Death; and nimbler ſtill

Flies

Flies on, her utmoſt ſpeed exerting, while
The loud purſuers many a lengthen'd ſpace
Are left behind, but Lo! in ſteady courſe
Intent they ſcour along, and ſweep the fields,
Innum'rous, certain full, and ſkilful borne.
Long time the ſpeedy Fugitive evades
The coming danger, doubling oft, and turn'd,
With interruptive ſpring, puzzling the foe,
With toilſome Labyrinth perplex'd and wild;
And oft the rav'nous pack delay'd, fatigued,
Ceaſe, ſpiritleſs; as oft the chace renew
Encouraged; till by perſeverance earn'd,
The bloody Gift's ſure promiſed; panting hard,
Labours the hapleſs game! and what avail

Eluſive

Eluſive flight or effort? tho' ſhe ſeek
The thorny ſhelter of the Hedge, in leap
Swift-bounding; tho' with prudent wile ſhe ſcour
On beaten path, or to the grove retreat?
Nearer and nearer pours the crowd, in rage
Redoubled, and the Victim ſwift o'ertake.
Here let the tale diſtreſsful cloſe, with ſad
Concluſion fraught; nor ſhall the muſe delight
In wanton ſlaughter of a harmleſs tribe,
That ſimple animate the peaceful plain.

Such cruel ſports, where human race is rais'd,
Reclaim'd, improved, thy cultur'd mind degrade
O gen'rous Man; but ſhould a life of health
Promotive full, your wiſhes prompt, alike

Of grateful air enjoy and ſtrength th' effect,
Where ſcenes of peace innocuous forth conduct.
When early rays Autumnal beaming mild
Skirt the bright Eaſtern Sky, nor ſlothful lie
On beds of ſlumber, nor within thy walls
Delay, ſtudious, or from the cooler air
In tender eaſe deterr'd, but o'er the lawn,
And pearly pathway, haſte at early morn.
'Tis pleaſing, to the ſinew'd frame refreſhful, there
T' oppoſe a nipping breeze, and active move.
Viſit the diſtant vale, a chequer'd ſcene
Of culture, where the Swains employment ſhew
And buſy toil; or onward ſtill, nor far
Remote, where to the beaming South inclined,

The cluſt'ring Orchard rears it's loaded head.
Led by the ſcented breeze approach; review
The tempting fruits, that on their drooping bough
Bluſh to the glaring Sun; beneath is ſpread
A Harveſt copious and mature, for there
Th' inveſted branch ſhaken by nightly gale,
Reſign'd it's plenty; num'rous treaſures ſtill
The tree adorn, that oft ſpontaneous fall,
Or in the breeze with rattling ſhow'r deſcend.
A fertile ſcene! aloft unnumber'd clung,
Plenteous alike beneath, the millions lye.

But in the deeper boſom of the vale
How grateful glows the morn, by Seaſons mild
Refreſh'd, and ſmiling as a ſecond Spring!

The paſtured farm behold, that verdant ſpreads,
Improved, and reg'lar; whitening gay, the Cot
That to it's circling ſhade the Eye attracts.
The Hawthorn hedge, and yon inveſting copſe
That crowns the hill; or where in opener ſpace
Riſes a ſheaffy pile, encloſing deep
The barn, a ſtore of plenty; lift awhile
To wafted breeze attentive! whence the ſounds
Rural and pleaſing, ſtrike our tranquil ear.
The Watch-dog rages at the murm'ring wind,
Or of the paſſing ſtranger's diſtant tread
Suſpicious; down the Vale the dripping mill
Dull o'er the upland ſteep reſounds, and with
Continued ſplaſhings ſtrikes it's wat'ry bed.

Nor is the beating ſtroke of ruſtic flail
In all the buſy ſcene ungrateful; lows
The Heiffer, deep reſponſive to the herd,
In paſture gather'd; and as o'er the pool
The gabbling Geeſe in watchful terrors float,
Their cries repeated clack from hill to hill.

Oft to ſuch ſcenes from hurry, buſineſs, crowds,
Tranquil we ſtray, and rural works remote
Attend; the ſtraw-clad ſpace, the winnowing taſk,
And where the thraſhing Swain his labour plies.
Chearfu to view! but chief to them conſign'd
Long to the thronging city, world of ſtriſe,
To hail Serenity, and new-found Peace,
Within the bliſsful village; or beſide

The Farmer's buſy confines, while the fruits
Of Harveſt, final from the Ear mature
Are gather'd; there the Ruſtic wealth ſurrounds;
Of beaſts, and houſhold fowl a living ſtore.
Loud lows the ſuckled calf, while the ſad Dam
Calls from the field, or from the neighb'ring fence
Impatient burſts; ſcatters the lighten'd chaff,
Borne by the breeze, and the whole troop encloſed
Whitening involves; where clucks the Matron Hen,
Her Brood invites, and ſhews the ready fare,
Herſelf unſatisfied; amuſive theſe!
And to behold the ſwelling Turkey raiſe
His ruffled pinion, ſtrutting ſlow, and bold
Advancing; when by careleſs ſtranger chance

Encounter'd, ſudden ſprings the Coward thence,
And droops his flutter'd plumes,—recov'ring ſoon,
Amidſt his comrades ſafe, again looks big.
Should taſk Poetic to the thought minute
Stoop, not unworthy, (who but oft relax
To theſe obſervant) round the greyhound plays
The ſportive whelp, and ſprawls in heaps of ſtraw.
The ſober maſtiff walks; the watchful hound
Erect the field ſurveys, if chance his prey
Skulk o'er the paſture; here diſdains not ſtill
The Muſe to dwell; for moves ungainly on
The green-wing'd Drake, his noiſy crowd behind,
Calls to the new-fall'n ſheaf the hungry train,
And all-devouring ſhakes his eager plumes.

Jealous

Jealous the Cock aſſails, and quarrelling big,
Superiour ſeizes all; till fierce array'd,
A cruel Foe, nor fair to combat match'd,
The o'ergrown Turkey drives him from his poſt,
Wounded, and proſtrate, or wide wheeling round.

But let me wiſe beware, leſt judgment ſcorn
The humble ſcenes ſincere; cautious of theſe,
Hence let me riſe to loftier ſtrains inſpired.
And let Imagination roam afar,
Where famed Killarny's Lake its floods extends—
Wild is the view, but with exub'rant gifts
Of Nature deckt;—in admiration wrapt,
We view the glowing proſpect, whether thro'
It's woodlands roaming, or in wat'ry way,

We ply the ſounding oar; which way we tend,
'Tis pleaſing all and beauteous! but the Muſe
Shrinks from the bold deſcription; can ſhe boaſt
Fair Nature's pencil, which alone can form
A various-tinted view, irregular,
Adorn'd, and with innum'rous objects crown'd?
Riſe, lively Fancy, and on ſoaring wing
Aſcending, boldly take your vent'rous way.

A placid calm o'er all the tranquil air
Diffuſes; cloudleſs ſhines the azure ſky.
The lake unruffled o'er it's liquid ſpace
Scarce moves a bending wave; around the wide
And branching ſhores, o'erhanging, ſteep, and wild,
A blooming verdure crowns the foreſts; thick

Swell on the proſpect redd'ning fruits among
Their vivid boughs, that thro' the deepen'd ſhade
Luxuriant cluſter ; here the year diſplays
A matchleſs beauty, for ſuperiour glows
The Scene, chief in Autumnal hour adorn'd,
When gen'ral bloom of Nature ſick'ning fades.
Attemper'd Sunbeams all enliv'ning ſhine
Abroad, nor fierce, nor ſcorching ; o'er the Lake
Wide-glitt'ring play ; thence glaring bright reflect
From rock to rock, or far aſlant the woods,
Shoot ſplendid down, and gild the foreſt brow.
Hence various ſhines the Landſcape ; thickets vaſt,
In bloſſom'd beauty ; high emboſom'd cliffs,
Abrupt, impending o'er the threaten'd flood.

Aloft behold are lifted to the ſkies
In lengthen'd chain, peak rais'd upon peak,
The Mountains; ſudden ſink in fathom'd depth,
Or upwards lineal ſtruck, and thence wide ſweep,
With lofty range in cloudy wreath extent.
Contraſted theſe to all the Vale beneath;
Where o'er expanded ſea deep-wooded, cloſed,
Shews many an Iſle; upon the riſing brow,
A caſtled Tow'r, and ſolemn marks the view;
Thence bend thine eye to gayer proſpects; where
The brighten'd Manſion 'midſt its cultured fields,
Improved, and fertile order'd, riſes fair.
Wide circling groves and verdant meads afar
Enrich the country round; from neighb'ring hill,

Echo the ſounding ſtreams, that forceful pour
From heights immenſe, and foam in angry rage,
Down a rough ſteep; there Nature's broken ſcenes
Beneath the cliffs and craggy mountain ſide,
A nearer view invite; approaching nigh,
The eye we lift, and curious ſearch a ſource,
Stupendous falling, whence the Cat'ract throws
It's bodied Torrent. Lo! at utmoſt ken,
O'er rocks in horror jutting, rude, and wild,
Wide rolls a pond'rous wat'ry plain; but ſoon
Abrupt oppoſed, beats various; raging loud,
With many a liquid ſhow'r in air diſpers'd;
Swift-gliding thence, precipitated thro'
It's ſlipp'ry twiſted channels, flies oblique,

And unreſiſted, till with tenfold force,
It ſtrikes the pointed fragments, and again,
High-ſpouted roars, and ſwells, and thunders down.
More furious grows the deaf'ning noiſy flood,
As in a lower fall contracted, drives
A gather'd ſurge, and loudly broke at length,
Deep-fathoming plunges down th' abyſs below.
Encircling, heap'd on high, in branching pride,
The cluſter'd woods their ſolemn grandeur raiſe,
And thickly ſpread an awful ſhade around.

Such the faint image of thy wond'rous ſcenes,
Magnificent, O ever-verdant ſeat,
Of matchleſs beauty! can deſcription bold
Or Fancy's wild effuſions, can the pow'r

Of words in equal-glowing colours paint
Unrivall'd charms of Nature, and impreſs
A ſemblance juſt ? rais'd to the giddy height
Imagination totters, and in vain
Lifts her enfeebled wing ; the daring Muſe
Deſcends, unequal to her arduous flight:

The ling'ring Summer oft at midday hour
It's brighten'd reign reſumes ; but cooler drives
A weſtern blaſt, and the wide foreſt ſhakes,
Loud-murm'ring ; oft around the Southern hills,
Borne unobſerv'd, a volumed miſt convolv'd,
Slow moves along the brow, and half conceals
It's diſtant verge ; thence o'er the lower plain
More ſcatter'd driving, many a ſprinkled drop

Conveys ;

Conveys ; the haſt'ning Trav'ller urges on,
And eager preſſes his unwilling ſteed.
The heedleſs peaſant by the threats unmoved
Of lighter ſtorms, ſtill ſlowly walks the plain.
Nor long the ſhow'r deſcends ; for born aſlant,
From hill to hill above the buoyant breeze,
It paſſes onward ; then with lucid brow
Again the æther ſmiles, and in clear ſeat
Erect, a glaring Sunbeam gilds the plain.
Or there a ſmaller cloud the golden ray
Chance intercepting, a wide ſhade obſcure
Glides o'er the paſture ; healthful glows the day,
And pleaſing, to the ſtronger frame of Man
Adapted, when with exerciſe robuſt,

And keener air, his glowing veins impell
The circling blood, and to it's functions fit
Each vital pow'r; the lifted ſpirits riſe
Uncheck'd, and doubled ſtrength the ſinews arms.

Now for a warmer clime preparing, flock
Millions of plumy tribes, by Summer's heats
Well-ſtrengthen'd, with eſſential pow'rs compleat,
From clime to clime to bend their rapid way.
Short is their firſt attempt, of ſpeed alone
The teſt, for circling oft they ſweep
Aerial ſpace, and try their ranging flight.
Then ſettling low in conſultation join,
Penſive, and on the dang'rous project bent.
Dire, arduous hazard, by experience known

Awhile

Awhile retards ; but fruitleſs were delay,

When dire neceſſity compells the taſk.

Lo ! in a thicken'd crowd, innum'rous tend

To diſtant regions thro' the liquid air

Our Swallow nations ; or if true relates

A modern tale, in cluſters ſeek the Lake,

Or deepen'd pool, with ſtagnant life to dwell,

Till to their former pow'rs the Genial year

Again recalls ; or to a hollow'd cave

Retire, and clefts terreſtrial, clung around,

Entranced, till by the breath of Summer new

Revived, again they pierce the floating ſky.

But migrate all Aerial tribes, to far

Or nearer tracts induced, as Hunger drives,

Or chilling cold compells ; ſome from extreme
Of Northern climes, at Winter's dread approach,
To our fair Æther ply their labour'd flight.
There in the polar ſkies when threat'ning clouds
Dark brood and dreary, on a defert Iſle,
Unnumber'd as the Sand, aſſemble round
The clam'rous ſea-fowl ; on the verge prepared,
Free at a well-known ſign in millions riſe
Their plumy crowds, and rocks, and barren ſhores
Reecho ;—ſoon the whole is due arranged,
The marſhall'd tribe by vet'ran leaders taught,
With hurried wing urging their ſpeedy rout,
Or timely reſting on a buoyant gale.

With theſe the Muſe directs her journey, o'er
The thund'ring Baltic, where by ſtorms upraiſed,
It's green Sea whitens with tempeſtuous wrath.
Dread roar the howling winds, and from their bed
Deep ſtir the heaving waters, moved immenſe,
Thence to the ſkies in mountain billows laſh'd,
Foaming,—æthereal pow'rs conflicting rage,
With adverſe fury in loud claſh involv'd,
And many a pond'rous ſea together ſtrike,
With thund'ring din daſh'd upward ;—horrid ſcene
To them that in the dire-contending waſte,
Ill-fated navigate ! their lab'ring bark
Deep-whelm'd within vaſt ſtriking ſurges, ſcarce
It's rolling head uprears, or now oblique,

Smote ſudden, in a hollow'd boſom lies,
A helpleſs bulk ; but e're approaching rage
Again aſſails, emerges to the view,
High-climbing, mounted on the whiten'd wave.
Thus many an hour they toil ; till vaſt increaſed,
Reſiſtleſs rolls accumulated ſea,
And furious drives them down th' abyſs below ;
Wide opes a wat'ry chaſm, and for a ſpace
Ingulph'd, the billows gurgitating whirl.

Ye tempeſts, mitigate your wrath, nor thus
To human-kind, deſtruction deal ! and oh !
Why add ye terrors to the dang'rous ſeas,
With perils fraught innum'rous of the ſhoal
Or ſunken rock ? why rage ye thus afar,

Our jarring Elements convulſing wide?
Should we a beneficial good on earth
Diſplay'd, to you th' effectual cauſe impute?
A gift on all the various nations pour'd
Of Salutary bleſſing, of whoſe great
Eſſential good poſſeſs'd, they free enjoy
A Life of ſtrengthen'd pow'rs, a healthier air
Breathe lib'ral cleans'd, and of it's vapours purg'd?

Now Winter haſtens foul, and what remains
Of Autumn, Wintry ſhews, gloomy and drear;
But gradual this, as later o'er the morn
Pallid and cool, from day to day the Sun
Emitts a feeble ray; ſwifter retires
At Eve, low-circling thro' the humid heav'ns.

At early hour interminable broods
On earth, and ſea, and air, fumy condens'd
A dark'ning Fog; that firſt in ſilent night,
Stole thro' the inmoſt vale; from plain to plain
Thence roll'd immenſe, and volumed o'er the hill,
At length ſettles around, and all involves.
Doubtful the hour, when firſt the Orb of Day
The Eaſt aſcends, for now in miſt o'erwhelm'd,
His chearful riſe we mark not; objects fail
On Earth, as o'er the dizzy field we ſtray.
Scarce e'en around our ſteps we trace the mead;
Where ſteam ſurrounds inod'rous, baffling each
Offended ſenſe; and indiſtinct to ſight
The nearer aſpect; the dull hedge, the tree,

Wither'd and ſad ;—beneath the river's bank
(Dang'rous to tread) blackens a ſullied ſtream,
Unjoyous, colder than the moiſten'd morn.
All, dank and drear, our ſhiv'ring fancy chill ;—
How ſorrow'd Nature droops ! joyleſs the buſh,
Where plumy tribes within their miſty ſhade
In ſilence ſadden ; oft from tree to tree,
Urge their low flight ; nor e'er his comrades leaves
A lonely wand'rer, but mix'd ſocial all,
Demand a mutual comfort ; loſt alas
The lively muſic of the vocal grove !
Here the wing'd Paſſengers from Northern climes
Num'rous reſort, but melancholy they,
A moping tribe ! that ne'er our ſhelt'ring Iſles

Hail tuneful, ne'er harmonious ſwell the breeze ;
Tho' oft far diſtant woods and Summer ſkies
Witneſs'd their melody, the joyful ſtrains
Now univerſal fail ; for languid here,
As by hard fate compell'd, they ſettle dull,
And with unvaried note attention tire.

Thus is the day oppreſs'd, till noon half-ſpent,
When from a miſt with ſcarce effectual beam
Looks forth the pallid Sun!—contending long
The danker pow'rs uphold, till pierc'd at length,
They move, and thro' wide æther ſlow diſperſe.
There in the Heav'ns apparent, higher clouds
And blackening lour, with future deluge, cold,
And vapours charg'd ; but Lo, 'tis fair beneath,

For diſtant flies the fog ; let me then ſtray,
And of departing ſweets of Nature catch
One laſt and lateſt glimpſe ;—tis dubious where ;
A remnant bloom unfaded where to find.
Chance in yon ſhrubs a ling'ring verdure glows.
But Autumn here had early ravage ſpread ;
Stript are the boughs, and des'late ſcatter'd leaves
The walks entangle ; brown and drooping all
Around, ſave the tall Evergreen, that ſtands
Unhurt, and marks a ſad ſurrounding waſte.
Here Vegetation's deep and deadly ſtruck,
Nor e'en a veſtige left ; and further on
Conducted, ſwift we quit the gloomy ſcene.

Further a new and chearful ſight to ſenſe
Opes unexpected; doubly beauteous, while
To paſt contraſted; where a growth collect
Still bloſſoms, gay and green; a vivid group,
By art well-rang'd, of ſhrub, and buſh, and tree,
Perennial bloom of Vegetation! ſuch
The chiller year defy, e'en Winter bear,
Verdant and undecay'd; how grateful ſuch
In wither'd Autumn charm, and forth invite!
We tread gay mazy walks cloſe bounded, high
Branching o'er head, while nipping breezes ſcarce
So deeply penetrate, and gently turn
The leaves, nor felt within; thick wove and grown
Luxuriant, ev'ry ſhrub, cluſter'd with flow'rs

Deep Lauruſtine, the Laurel loftier grown,
Of leaf extent, and Bays of darken'd green.
Endleſs varieties of never fading tree
The whole inveſt beauteous diſpers'd; but chief
Admire we, whilſt we tread the blooming round,
Arbutus, matchleſs in it's vivid leaf,
Or fruit, or flow'r as diff'ring ſeaſons ſhew.
Hence bear me, Fancy, in thy rapid flight,
To where great Ocean beats the level ſhore,
Inceſſant murm'ring, and a diſtant gaze
Opes boundleſs; there beneath high ſhelt'ring rocks,
In melancholy mood penſive and ſlow,
I wander, lonely pleaſed, and wrapt in thought.
For the dull-ſounding ſcene aſſuages full

My mind ; the paſſing winds and mournful ſwell'd ;
The daſhing Billows that continued ſtrike
The rugged ſtrand ; and oft mine Eye roams wide
Along the wat'ry plain ; remoteſt bounds
Of convex Ocean marks ; Skies that depend
O'er the Sea's edge, and dip their clouds beneath.
Awful thy magnitude, and ever great,
Majeſtic, rolls thy ſurge, O mighty deep!
Whether in tempeſt, that to foaming hills
Thy bed capacious raiſes, or in calm
And peaceful hour;—but now a freſhn'ing breeze
Temp'rate, ruffles the waves, and vaſt, and ſlow,
Moved inward, bears unequal, th' heaving tide.
Clam'rous, the feathered tenants of the cliff

Awake attention, that innum'rous fix'd
On rocky peak, or down the ſhelving height,
And noiſy pierce the breeze; on circling wing
Whilſt others hover forth, riſing aloft
Sudden, and thence dip to the gliding flood,
On prey intent;—apparent here, nor far
Diſtant, a ſpotted Seal uplifts his head;
Then gradual ſinks beneath, ſlow, undiſturb'd.
Tumbles in blacken'd train unwieldy, roll'd,
The wheeling Porpoiſe, and loud-ſnorting ſpouts
A whitening foam; thence to the creek retires,
Or into the ſhoal the finny tribes purſues.
Nor to a tranquil mind ungrateful all
To mark obſervant; but ſhould e'er invade

A ſolitary

A ſolitary thought, the ſcene diſplays
It's livelier objects ; where with full-bent ſail,
Steady, inclined, bears thro' divided wave
The maſted prow ;—Lo ! various round diſpers'd
O'er the wide Ocean num'rous navies ſhew
Diſtinct, or furtheſt there diminiſh'd dull
As ſpots within the verge ; a Sunny ray
Chance falls oblique, breaking a parted cloud,
And ſhines on foaming ſurges ; caught beneath
It's ſparking beam, whitens with ſwelling ſail
Yon veſſel, radiance ſcatt'ring, that gleams wide
To ſhore, reflected from it's burniſh'd ſides.
Now Evening cloſes our Autumnal day,
It's gloomy ſhadows rolling ſwift, and wraps

Sudden

Sudden the darken'd æther, to black night
It's glimm'ring Empire haſt'ning to reſign.
By louring hedge ſlow wings the duſky Owl,
At fav'ring hour of prey, on ſlaughter bent;
A dire Aſſaſſin! who the peaceful ſleep
Diſturbs, and by ſurprize deſtruction deals!
Swell'd o'er the brink hoarſe murm'ring torrents roll
Dull-ſounding; riſes ſoon illumin'd blaze
At Cottage window, where the Ruſtic tired,
In ſleep prepares to reſt his outworn limbs.
Should we the City's confines near approach,
Confuſed reſounds loud hum of tumult; glare
Torches fierce-flaming through the crowded ſtreet.
Strange view meteorous apparent! whilſt

A ſplendour

A ſplendour, all-encircling gilds the ſcene.
Rattles the ſounding pavement, where along
Wheel Chariots rapid, in their louder claſh
Diſtinguiſh'd; where the ſons of Lux'ry roll
Their ev'ning rounds; a thoughtleſs feſtive world!
A crowd by paſſions led, who cares abſorb
In diſſipation, but no comfort know
Of calm tranquillity, or heartfelt bliſs.

'Tis Midnight, and deep ſleep triumphant rules
O'er peaceful Man. Solemnity around,
With awful ſilence holds her placid reign.
Pleaſed with the lonely ſtillneſs of the ſcene,
I court thee, Meditation, to my mind.
Awhile here penſive let me ſit, by yon

Half-waſted taper's light, and dwell on themes
Of pleaſing knowledge; let ſhort view extend
To gen'ral creatures life-ſupplied on earth,
In all the diff'ring elements diſpers'd.
Who but with admiration ſtruck reflects
On animated Nature? who but ſees
With wonder, pow'rs of individual claſs,
Of beaſts, and bird, and inſect, that or earth
Or air inhabit? of each wat'ry tribe,
That Lake, or river, or wide Ocean range?
Variety of endleſs ſcope to view!
Wide-diff'ring modes of Life to ev'ry kind
Diſſimilar, as in their varied forms.
Smalleſt and helpleſs-ſeeming race review,

And obſervation tells thee, each poſſeſs
The means of ſafety; from their foes to fly,
Or ſtrong withſtand in well-adapted arms,
Intrench'd ſecure; for each eſſential want
Are taught inſtinctive plenteous to provide.
With deadly weapons ſome, and wond'rous might
Indued, for prey to bold attack advance,—
For Inſtinct fires impetuous, whence of pow'rs
Invaſive conſcious, they on ſtrength rely.
The ſinewy Lion, in his form compleat
Our eye with admiration pleaſes; ſtill
More curious Fancy Nature's lower tribes
Examines, and at all their forms diſtinct
Aſtoniſh'd wonders. Lo! the Inſect race,

The humble Reptile, and the ſhapeleſs crowds
That wat'ry depth poſſeſs, attention claim.
But O ye living tribes, in ev'ry clime
From pole to pole diſpers'd, what human ſkill,
Or wiſdom curious, your abodes can trace,
And all your various natures bring to view!
Fruitleſs Imagination, or the Mind
Of Knowledge, aims your numbers to explore.
Vain may the Pen of Science wiſh to name,
In labour'd claſs to rank, and order all
Your diff'ring myriads, of contexture, form,
And Genial qualities beyond recount.
To intellectual tenant of the earth
We paſs, and chief of earthly creatures made,

Lo! Man appears; the brutal tribes to war
And combat prone, to his victorious ſway
And wide dominion yield; his pop'lous ſeat
H' extends, and animated kind controuls.
Wiſe reaſon's faculty, far far beyond
Inſtinctive ſenſe, by him alone's poſſeſs'd:
An apprehenſion clear, a mind with ſound
Diſtinction, judgment, fraught; erect his gait,
And firm his ſtep by ſtately courage moved;
Mild wiſdom ſits upon his lofty brow,
And prudent action, and diſcretion fair,
By reaſon ruled, to ev'ry other form
Earthly create, his pow'rs ſuperiour mark.

If ſuch his gifts, let wiſeſt Man rejoice,
And ne'er let diſcontent his ſoul pervade;
Admiring rather, grateful to the hand
Of might Omnipotent that placed him here,
Let him enliven'd ſatisfaction feel,
And cheriſh to his heart its laſting joy.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PROSPECTS

PROSPECTS.

BOOK IV.

TO Autumn, healthy, temp'rate, and ſerene,
Succeed the blaſts of ſurly Winter; forth
He brings his darken'd fogs, and heavy glooms,
Low-ſhadowing all the blacken'd Landſcape round.
Thro' the ſhort hours that give incumber'd Light,
Vapours on vapours thick condens'd, oppreſs
The face of Nature;—vaſt, profuſe they grow,
Over obſcured horizon, ſpread as wide,
As eye can reach; for many a day the dull
Pow'r, on contracted bounds of Heav'n outſpread

Dark broods and diſmal; that no chearing ray
Or bright'ning gleam, e'en from the Sun's gay throne
Faint-iſſued, pierces obſtructing clouds, and ſhade,
T' exhilarate the black and gloomy air.

At length a tempeſt, long in diſtant climes
Pent up, it's thicken'd barrier breaks, and hurls
It's raging ſtrength; o'er rudely ſhatter'd fields,
And Cities turrets ſhiver'd with the ſhock,
With burſting fury bears reſiſtleſs; deep
Ruſhing thro' wooded vales and cluſter'd groves,
Disjunctive tears their lofty-branching limbs,
Or many a trunk lays proſtrate; onward then
Roaring impetuous, with wide-wafted ſtroke,
Shakes the far æther to the utmoſt pole.

Wide ruin threatens all deſtructive, ſhould
This dreadful tumult, long the world diſturb;
But Lo! it's dang'rous wrath to mitigate,
O'er-weighted clouds throw forth their wat'ry load
Sudden deſcends a rainy deluge, pour'd
Down in a torrent on the beaten plain.
On the far-ſmoaking paſture ſtand amazed
Both flocks and herds, and motionleſs look on,
Patient and wond'ring at the din confuſed
Of jarring elements; quick o'er the field,
His plough in moiſten'd furrow left, the Swain
Hies homeward, driving on the patient Ox,
Companion of his labour; happy he!
Whom a warm manſion, and domeſtic joy

Receives,

Receives, the heartſelt bliſs of ſmiling home,
Diſpelling ev'ry want, and ev'ry care.
But O how many a hapleſs mortal bears
The dreadful bonds of poverty! whom no
Comfort refreſhes, to whom no delights
Allay the ſorrows of their cheerleſs life.
But houſeleſs, and without a friend, the world
To them a ſcene forlorn, an endleſs Night
Of blacken'd woe, with looks of dumb deſpair,
Nightly they ſeek a dank and dew-cold ſhed,
Or by a dreary ſide of roofleſs walls,
Their outworn ſtrength recline;—in pity hear,
And lend an ear to woe and deep diſtreſs,
Ye affluent Great! let not dread Famine's ſtings,

With all its horrid haggard griefs conſume
Your outcaſt fellow-creature; to their pray'rs,
With heart of ſympathy and Godlike love,
Unbend, and chear the ſad, and drooping heart.
Short is the day tempeſtuous; night comes on,
Brooding with dreary wing on ſadden'd earth,
And over atmoſphere diſturb'd;—not ſuch,
As thro' forepaſſing ſeaſons mildly ſpread
It's darkneſs huſh'd and calm, but raging loud,
In mixt commotion of tempeſtuous blaſt,
With deluge blended, and the craſhing ſounds
Of Hail wide-beating on the flatten'd plain.
Wanders our Fancy o'er the gloomy ſcene,
And diſtant ſees a radiant chearful light,

Sparkling from rural cot; thrice welcome guide
To Nightly trav'ller on his darken'd way!
Thither the wearied ſtranger bends his ſteps,
Advancing ſlow, thro' doubtful paths obſcure,
And ſtruggling 'gainſt the blaſt; at blazing hearth,
Within his humble roof, the Ruſtic Swain
With circle gay ſurrounded, ſits in peace,
And calm content, forgetful of his cares,
And never ceaſing toil; nor howling ſounds
Of wat'ry burſt wide-roaring from the ſkies,
His thoughtleſs heart diſturb; the cup is giv'n
And jovial ſmile ſits on each brighten'd face,
While from his chear'd companions many a tale
Of youthful frolic claims attention round.

In

In ſuch a Night a weak and tim'rous mind
Dread Omens in the ſounding tempeſt forms,
Wafted along the murm'ring grove, and groans
Of many a voice, and ſighs, and ſcreechings ſhrill
With loud complaints diſturbing calm repoſe:
The hoarſer Raven croaks from chimney top,
Portending evil; and inceſſant caws
The frighten'd Jackdaw from his ivied tow'r;
While o'er the blacken'd ſcene far-echoing, takes
Her diſmal ſtation in a hollow'd tree
The boding Owl, and louder than the winds,
And whiſtling tumult diſſonant, pours forth
Her plaintive ſong; daſh on oppoſing banks
The pent-up floods, and roar with angry waves,

Thro'

Thro' all the boiſt'rous horrors of the Night.

Begone, all vain and idle terrors, weak
Effuſions of the timid heart! O come,
With pure tranquillity, thou gentle Sleep,
And calmly preſs my placid mind to reſt.
With all thy balmy influence deſcend;
And let th' aerial conflict rocking round
My fading fancy lull to ſoft repoſe.

Now many a tedious hour of ling'ring Night
Elaps'd, at length forth gleaming from the Eaſt
Along the duſky mantle of the ſky
Light breaks around, and the wide face of day
Dim ſhews, and low obſcured in wintry gloom
Nor long does all the fleecy thickneſs hold;

For ſudden gath'ring in a region far
Skirting the ſad horizon, breezes blow,
Swift trav'lling o'er the circled globe, and ſoon
The dark and deep-incumber'd ſky diveſt
Of all it's dreary load; the azure opes,
Forth to the view emerging; o'er the tops
Of hills remote, diminiſh from the ſight
The flaky clouds, divided in their courſe,
Reſiſtleſs yielding to the pow'rful blaſt.

To grateful exerciſe invites abroad
The intermitting year; but loathſome all,
Bereft of that which binds the human heart,
Prime joy of life, Society; with thee,
Eſſential Bliſs, give me to walk the field,

To mount the hill, to tread the barren heath,
Or o'er the deſert mountain wander, where
No beauteous gleam of pleaſure ſhines, to ſtrike
Diverted fancy; where rough Nature dwells
In horrid ſhape forlorn;—of thee deprived,
E'en at the beauteous landſcape, cultured hill,
Or ſpreading grove, that decks the gliding ſtream,
Moſt lovely ſpot inviting, chearleſs ſinks
My drooping heart, while ſick'ning Fancy turns
Aghaſt, and views the ſcene with looks of woe.
Of thee bereft, the Rural Landſcape fades;
Give me with thee to dwell within the walls
Of gay content; to trim the chearful fire
Enlivening, and to cheat the hours of day,

Or lengthen'd eve of Winter, with thy bleſs'd
And feſtive ſmiles; to ſerious ſtudy now
Devoted, or in mirthful converſe from
All thought relaxing, as the heart inclines.
'Tis ſalutary ſeaſon, clearer ſkies,
And brighter days confirm'd, for them that love
The joys of exerciſe, to mount the ſteed
For many a mile, or view the rural works,
And ruſtic labour in the cultured vale.
Various employment's ſought by human kind
Diſpers'd;—Content and Indolence ſlow walk,
And penſive forward, and the garden ſeek,
A ſmaller range, from dull fatigue ſecure;
There ſtep regardleſs in repeated track,

Near an adjoining ſhelter, or ſoon tired
Return, and by ſlow-moving hours oppreſs'd,
Fix'd at the threſhold ſnuff the milder air.
Whilſt the more active, hurrying eager forth,
From place to place with buſy care preſs on,
The hours too ſhort for all their complex work.
The Man of daily labour plods his taſk
Of thought bereft, as the dull ſod he moves
Inſenſible, and ſcarcely forms a wiſh
For coming Night, that ends his lengthen'd toil.

For many a day unalter'd ſhines the Heav'n,
With azure brow illumin'd; till at length
From Northern tracts and icy regions far,
Iſſues a piercing breeze, and wide uſurps

The vaſt dominion; from unruly ſeat
Of ſettled cold congealing, ſlow ariſe
Up the blue concave, heaps on heaps convolv'd
Of clouds ſnow-fill'd, whence gradual, as they float
Num'rous afar, they mingle deep, and brood
With heavy wings, while leſſen'd in his force,
The North wind yields the Empire of the ſkies.
With wiſe ſollicitude attentive mark
This threat'ning hour, ye watchful Shepherds; ſeek
Your fleecy charge, and to a ſhelter'd ſpot
Compell them; ample ſtores afford, and well
Ætherial rage defy; for ſtorms impend,
And ſoon ſhall pour a deluge whitening drear!
Then helpleſs, wand'ring o'er the diſtant vales,

Many a beaſt ſhall low, imploring aid,
By perils wide-inveſted; fleecy tribes
Their woes ſhall bleat in vain, and for the blade
With fruitleſs ſearch upturn the drifted ſnow.
On them within deep-cloſing glyns afar
Unconſcious led, embroiling ſkies ſhall rage
With tenfold fury, and in fathom'd ſurge
Driv'n by the blaſt, a ſnow-fed Ocean all
In one ſad night with gen'ral ruin whelm.

Behold, the white-wing'd flakes deſcending ſlow,
Glide gently down, in circling thickneſs thro'
Wide glaring Æther! every ruſtling breeze
Is fall'n! retired to darkling buſhes ſit
Penſive, in ſilence wrapt the feather'd choir.

Nature is huſh'd around in ſolemn, ſad,

And dreary expectation ; all is ſtill ;

Save that from yonder lately ſmiling meads,

Reſponſive lowings of the herds diſtreſs'd,

Pierce thro' the diſtant air ; and oft the flocks

Bleat mournful ;—Lo ! what ſadneſs fills the Vale !

Involv'd in miſts the hill ! the grove beneath

Erects it's wintry head delightleſs ; while

Dim lours and pallid the grey 'lumin'd day,

And ſhakes it's drizzly load ; with tumult loud

Thro' cloudy regions trav'lling ſoar on high

Swift hurrying wild-geeſe, thence to Southern ſhores

In long and well-ranged flight conducted ; flows

Inceſſant ſtill a feather'd ſhow'r, and ſoon

The Landſcape wide inveſting, the hoar earth
A dazzling hue extends, wide ſpread alike,
Without diſtinction vaſt, and whiten'd o'er
The riſing ſurface of it's painted globe.

Now Fancy ſhudders at the deſert ſcene,
Where ev'ry verdant bloom of Nature lies,
In one wild heap involv'd; from threat'ning ſkies
With chiller terrors brooding, ſhiv'ring Man
Flies to the cottage, where around the hearth
Men, Women, Infants crowd in chearful group.
Th' inclement field's forſaken, ſave where o'er
The glitt'ring waſte the Shepherd drives his flock,
Or where the warm-clad Ruſtic with loud voice
Impatient home compells the drooping herds.

Hail, ſocial pleaſure! hail domeſtic joy
Enliv'ning, Lo! your kindly influence all
Mankind embrace, the dreary hour to cheat
Of bleakeſt ſkies; your pleaſing refuge calls
The ſocial circle, on amuſement bent,
Where mirth of gayeſt heart, and paſſing joke
In lively converſe, feſtive ſtrikes from hand
To hand reechoed; the loud laugh reſounds,
Tumultuous mix'd, or chance more ſerious talk
Of ſober wiſdom takes i 's penſive round.
All gratefnl to the friendly mind, with friends
Well-pleaſed, whether the humour hold a ſpace
Of duller hour, or glee triumphant reigns.
Let ev'ry various impulſe of the heart

Come forth, nor let Society by rule

Of ſour reſtraint be held; but ev'ry friend

Well-acts harmonious with the whole combined,

A congruous Whole, to Concord full attuned.

Thus let me ever find thee, thus thrice bleſs'd,

O ſocial hour; nor then the Wintry ſtorm,

That chills the faded Landſcape, e'er ſhall ſtrike

With ſolitary views my chearful mind,

Nor cares nor thought perplexing, e'er diſturb.

To diſtant climes the loaded miſt retires;

When ſwift deſcending from it's gelid ſeat

Of piercing cold, a Pow'r congealing broods

O'er the new-brighten'd world, and thro' the ſtreams

Reſiſtleſs gliding, throws it's rigid chain

Around,

Around, and ſolid binds the lucid wave.
While from hoar-ſprinkled Foreſt ſcatt'ring ſnows
New-ſhaken move, collect their pearly gems
The boughs beneath, and ſwift encruſted, droop
A pendent Icicle; the hours of Night
Approach, and cold intenſe, and wintry froſt
Increaſe; ev'ry expanſe of Lake or ſtream
Is ſudden cloſed; the falling floods are huſh'd;
And tranquil ſpreads around the Nightly ſhade.

Unhappy he, who in the trackleſs woods
Of a drear Iſle, by Southern Ocean bound,
His comrades loſt, thro' wilds and deſerts ſought
His unknown journey; there the Muſe attends
His ſadden'd way ſollicitous; where thro'

Wide-woven

Wide-woven thickets, ne'er by human toil
Explored, he takes his vent'rous rout; behold
A deep-incumber'd paſs he boldly firſt
Encounters, but at length more cautious moves
His ſinking ſtep, deep-drifted heaps of Snow
Fearful avoiding; then in clearer track
Swift haſtens, many and oft a cover'd pit
Eſcapes, or Icy depth, with boſom'd rocks
Inveſted; terror ſtrikes his heart, when far
Onward advanced, a dreary ſpace he finds
Immeaſured ſpread, the Nightly cold increaſed,
Nor friend, nor refuge near; dread horrors then
With force redouble on his languid mind,
Tumultuous thoughts, deſpair and anguiſh, known

But to afflicted victim of diſtreſs;

With Labour ſpent his limbs, and torpid grown,

He ſtops aghaſt, unknowing where around

To tread, inſenſible of ought, but death

Dire-fancied; dreadful thought! that whelming pours

On his ſunk heart! ah where's the friendly voice

His drooping ſoul to chear? ah where's the kind

And ſocial exhortation to direct

His wand'ring judgment? Lo! the well-known ſigns

Of Fate impending, force his weaken'd frame;

With ſleep reſiſtleſs urging, once the balm

Of Comfort, now to Life deſtructive; rous'd

Again he ſtarts, with glimm'ring ſtrength of heart

Revived; awhile with hurried mind, diſtract,

And gloomy, ruminates his danger, whilſt
Nor hope, nor comfort chear the black'ning ſcene.
Behold on chilling earth, ſupine reclined
His heart-ſick frame;—of Life each buſy hope's
Relinquiſh'd; ſcarce a gleaming impulſe ſtirs
His Soul, or ling'ring thought, or diſtant wiſh
Faint-iſſuing, e'er to preſervation moves.
Conducted near, reſounds the voice of Man
Loud echoing thro' the ſilent ſhade; the voice
Of aid and comfort, that ere this had ſtruck
So pleaſed his heart, but now alas! ſinks dull,
Within his languid ear; how fall'n the pow'rs
Of Man intelligent! how droops the ſenſe,
Faded, unconſcious! there thro' gloomy wilds,

Still perſevering led, in timely hour,
His anxious friends approach, and ſwift aſſiſt
Their cheerleſs comrade; where the kindled flame
Already blazes, ſtraight they bear along
Their drooping burthen, and with buſy care
Chafe his worn limbs, till languid life revives,
And warmth reanimates his glowing frame.

Now thro' the Heav'ns with bright effulgence crown'd,
And ſplendid twinkling with innum'rous ſtars,
Glows a keen Icy vapour; borne aſlant
The azure cope, illumin'd meteors ſhoot.
The froſt deſcends intenſe; while at the hearth
Of rural manſion a clear iſſuing flame,
Sparkling, denotes the wintry Night ſevere.

Hollow reſounds the paſſing ſtep acroſs
Th' incruſted plain, or crackling, as they tread
The ſhallow brittle pool; and oft a voice
Of noiſy prattle thro' the tranquil air
Is borne confuſed; or village curs bark loud,
And frequent, mix'd with many a chearful laugh,
Or ſhout of ruſtic revellers, a Night
Of eaſe, from labour freed, enjoying glad.

It freezes on, till in a miſty fog
Dull-riſing, chearleſs peeps from Eaſtern cloud
The early morn; there from his rural cot,
Upriſing at accuſtom'd hour of day,
Timely goes forth to field the Shepherd ſwain;
And as he viſits all his fleecy ſtores,

With watchful care, laments the ruin vaſt
Of ſick'ning Nature; within village gay,
Reſounds in noiſy gambol feſtive youth,
Pleaſed with a new-found ſeaſon; briſk, alert,
With frolic genial to their Boyiſh mind,
Thro' whiten'd meads the gladden'd wand'rers ſtray.
Some to the ſlipp'ry banks of frozen flood
Repair, and o'er it's crackling ſurface ſmooth,
With timid ſtep firſt cautious venture, till
By ſkill habitual bolder grown, they ruſh,
With ſteadier balance; while from field to field,
Many in gay purſuit, or prattling loud,
Paſs the ſhort hours of wintry day, and view
With thoughtleſs heart it's deſolation round.

The gilded Sun with ineffectual glare
Aſlant the ſnow-clad proſpect rears his head.
Then come, my friend, a keener air inſpires
New ſtrength and vigour to our ſinew'd frame.
Forth-iſſuing healthful, breaſt a froſty gale,
And tread the dazzling glebe ; or ſportive thence,
Along th' enharden'd ſurface of the ſtreams,
On ſlipp'ry ſkates direct your rapid way.
Perils ſurround you on that frozen flood,
From wat'ry chaſms conceal'd, or Icy rocks,
Rugged and dang'rous to encount'ring ſtep ;
Then chuſe a track ſecure, obſervant ; nice
Avoid a doubtful ſpot new-whiten'd ; quick
Turning oblique, in ſteady balance lean,

Fearleſs

Fearleſs along your ſafer courſe;—bear on
In rapid circle with uplifted foot,
And to the vent'rous poiſe inclining, glide
Low-bent, around a giddy ſpace revolv'd.
Great is the pleaſure of the dang'rous ſport,
When ſailing ſwift with æmulation vie
A troop contending in the nimble race.
Thus worldly cares forgot, let pleaſure reign
Chearful and undiſturb'd, and th' heart inſpire
To ſocial mirth, the balm of human life.
Forth the bright hour invites to ruddy health,
And grateful exerciſe, with cloudleſs ſkies,
Splendid and glitt'ring in a Sunny ray.
The Beam effulgent mildly ſpreading, cheers

Enliven'd

Enliven'd ſancy; as the azure clear
The ſympathiſing ſoul in lively joy,
Aſſumes the radiant brightneſs of the day.
In theſe ſevereſt hours, protection claim
Near the warm cottage a low-drooping brood
Of various fowls, in ſhiv'ring plumage ſad.
Many a feather'd tribe on rapid wing,
O'er brighten'd earth impatient bend their flight,
The foodleſs wilds ſurvey, till ſore oppreſs'd,
They fix their wearied ſtation, ſilent, weak,
With ruffled pinions; while to well-ſtored barns
A prudent troop repairing, gather fare
Of winnow'd remnant, joyful, crowding round:
Swarms with it's new-found gueſts the Village; poor

And ſhapeleſs at the rural threſhold pine
A hungry throng, that once ſo jovial fill'd
The vocal mead, amuſive, beauteous, gay,
The wand'ring ear delighting; now alas!
Chill'd by the rigid Seaſon, ſhudd'ring move,
And aſk from Man ſo oft ſaluted kind,
The friendly wages of their Summer ſong.
There for the table crumbs, a ſerious war
Begins; or bolder oft they ſnatch from ſtores
Within, a hurried morſel; nor ſuſpect
Deceit, but join the clacking houſhold troop,
And ſhare alike with them the welcome gift.
Driv'n from the mountain brow on low'and plain
Wide-wheels the lapwing crowd; from rocky cliffs,

The ſea-fowl, and a warmer clime explored,
Wing thro' the vale ; journeys in open day
The Hare half-famiſh'd, and beneath a bank
Midday diſſolving, ſeeks the wither'd blade.
But wiſe returning ſoon, half-hid beneath
The cov'ring buſhes on the hedgeway ſide
Slow marks her way thro' deepen'd heaps of ſnow.
Relent, O ſavage Seaſon, and reſtore
To ſicken'd Nature all her wonted ſweets !
No longer with thy iron hand oppreſs
The conquer'd world in harſh dominion held.
In vain the brute and feather'd tribes demand
The comforts of a milder year ;—keen blows
Bleak as the diſtant proſpect, a chill blaſt,

And from the polar regions borne intenſe,
With rigid ſtrength faſt binds the deſert earth.
In Ruſſia's drear domain, are pour'd profuſe
The fur-clad nation, and with rapid ſpeed
On ſkimming ſkates to diſtant tracts bear on,
Where duty calls afar; or mount the ſledge,
And from the ſlipp'ry mountain ſlide ſecure,
And fearleſs; keeneſt breezes ſwell the cheek
Of ruddy health, nor does the nipping North
Intended paſtime of the year delay.
From hill to vale, to rigid blaſt inured,
The haſt'ning Trav'ller many a league outſtretch'd
Swift as the wind his trackleſs rout purſues.
There too on frozen ſpace the crowded Mart

Wide-opens to the chilling morn; the Lake
Gay ſpreads and ſocial, where wild frolic rules,
With mirth and converſe join'd; with beauteous form
Bewitching man, the daughters of the North,
Their charms diſplay, and in th' inclement clime
With feſtive gaiety the ſcene inſpire.

Thy preſence, lovely Sex, a charm can ſpread
E'en in the deſert waſte, that boundleſs lies
In wintry horrors wrapt; the dreary clime
Adorn, enliven; to the heart oppreſs'd
Comfort and bliſs inſpire; ſhould gladneſs, or
Afflictive ſorrows rule the heart of Man,
With thee he finds a happier life renew'd.
Th' ill-fated Exile, in far diſtant wilds

Long

Long doom'd to wander, with his partner bleſt
A new-felt ſatisfaction knows, whene'er
His chear'd Companion brightens to a ſmile.
The rural ſports to view, our homely ſcenes
Again we viſit, and of ſportive youths
The ſocial throng awhile attend; a work
Of toil and perſeverance! to o'ercome
Oppoſing thickets, and with tedious ſtep
Surmount the dangers of a thorny way!
Lo! 'gainſt the harmleſs tenants of the woods
A bloody war's proclaim'd, and fatal pours
With inſtant death replete, the thund'ring gun;
Or chance afar, in ling'ring pain conceal'd
To pine, the heavy-wounded victim flies.
Their woes the fowler recks not, nor within

His harden'd breaſt a gleam of Pity ſeels,
But with ſucceſs and ſlaught'rous fortune crown'd,
Elate, the bloody ſpoils with triumph bears.
Of many a ſportive day a diff'ring ſcene
We call to view, well-pictured in the mind
Obſervant; where to fortune's gloomy frowns,
The luckleſs Fowler doom'd, in firſt career
Sad diſappointment meets; there ſhould the prey
With happier lot oft from the levell'd blow
Eſcape, with madd'ning rage his ſwerving aim
And widely erring Inſtrument of death
He loud accuſes; anger ſoon ſubſides,
And ſurly ſilence with the ſullen brow
Of diſcontent, attends his ſadden'd way.
Impatient near at hand the Spaniel ſtrives;

Flies at a call, or conſcious of neglect
With ſuppliant eye implores; but Lo! his ſtern
And tyrant Lord, by fortune of the day
Vexatious moved, vents on his faithful ſlave
His rage, and tenfold chaſtiſement inflicts.

Such are thy charms alluring, rural Sport,
To gay amuſement deſtined; ſuch delights
Ne'er let me know, nor recreation find
Where wiſh'd ſucceſs by bloody ſlaughter's crown'd,
And ſatiate cruelty's the height of bliſs.

Lo! as we tread the marſhy vale, faſt bound,
Our ſteps ſupporting, loud the ſcene reſounds,
Tumultuous, where reſort the plumy tribes,
That ſhun the haunts of men; diſturbance rules,
And ſcatters all on high, for the ſhrill call

That

That watch'd intruſion, gave the dread alarm.
Plaintive the thronging lapwing thro' the clouds
Sails buoyant; while aloft the ſoaring her'n
Expands her pow'rful pinion; noiſy ſcreams
The hov'ring ſea-gull, and from ruſhy marſh
Slow-riſing o'er the wide and fenny pool,
High mounts the wild duck on her ſtruggling flight.
From chilling ſcenes and froſt-diffuſing ſkies
Gladly we turn, from ſad and deep diſtreſs,
The brute and feather'd world oppreſſing; Man
Shares in the gen'ral ruin of the year
Deſtructive; fail his ſtores eſſential, ſaved
With ſkill, but inſecure; and famine threats
With ſadden'd brow deep brooding o'er the land.
But Nature greets ſudden the changing day;

At firſt along the ſnow-topt hill aſcends
A blackening cloud; then thicker ſpreads around
From verge to verge the darkneſs; changes ſoon
Cærulean all-inveſted, whilſt a breeze
Soft breathes and tepid forth; nor long the heav'ns
With milder treaſures lour, when genial ſpreads
A well-known impulſe; to obſervant eye
Of joyful trav'ller, the wide-frozen ſnow
In ſullied hue's diſcolour'd; true Preſage
Of vet'ran ſkill! that bodes the coming thaw.
'Tis certain all; determined well th' event;
But many a horror muſt the broken ſcene
Of Nature know, e're all again is joy
And reg'lar ſeaſon mild; Mankind ſhall feel
Calam'tous firſt the change, at length of good

Productive,

Productive, to their wiſh united then,
With ev'ry promiſe full, eſſential, join'd.
Now the vaſt Icy mantle of the globe
Slow ſinks diſſolving, and on humid earth
Many a veſtige marks; but ſoon the South
More pow'rful reigns, and currrent pours, profuſe
On ev'ry field; the Hill and Dale ſupply
Their various ſtream; Lo! brighten'd ſhines the blade,
That ſpotted peeps along the fluid mead.
Sinks the expanſive Ice in opening ſtream,—
From Cottage roof in noiſy ſhow'r deſcends
A melted Torrent; while in copious flood,
The ſwelling brook, tumultuous thro' the vale,
With ſordid tide, and rapid eddying, rolls.
Sad ruin waits the Man, whom luckleſs fate

Beneath

Beneath the Mountain vale, or boſom deep
Of marſhy plain, to dread event conſigns
Of the deſtructive hour; and hark! the craſh
Diſtant, the fate foretells;—to lower earth
With mingling terrors fraught, the mountain ſounds,
And bids more cautious mankind wiſe beware.

In chaſms afar and hollow'd caverns fall
Of Icy bodies huge and drifted ſnows
Heaps upon heaps, that deep enfathom'd roll
Down from the brow; then liquid gath'ring, throw
An Ocean onward; Lo! the ſubject vale
Is rent, and facile haſtes before the flood
Stupendous load of ſhatter'd rocks in bulk
Immenſe, and walls, and fragments, looſely pour'd,
Of many a Cottage from foundation torn,

That

That lifted drive along the thund'ring ſurge.

Sudden and boundleſs o'er th' extended meads,
The rivers ſwell; the deep earth-weighted bank
Is ſwept, the teſt of ſtrength and toil; and Lo!
Nor the proud might of the bold-fronted bull,
Lord of the plain, the pow'rful ſhock withſtands,
But herds, and flocks, within the eddying floods
Encircled deep, are in one ruin hurl'd.
Dreadful confuſion! where his treaſures robb'd
The helpleſs Peaſant views,—the village ſounds
Loud lamentation on the neighb'ring hill,
Their plenteous ſtores in fatal wreck afar
Toſs'd, and beneath the waſteful whirlpool whelm'd!
Where'er along the vales we bend our eye,
'Tis deluge all; and yon aerial tribe

Of

Of cawing rooks, the tenants of the grove,
With terror ſtruck aſtoniſh'd ſeem to view
The gen'ral waſte; in wild diſturbance borne,
Noiſy, and loud, that hover o'er the floods.

But ſee, a diff'ring ſcene more grateful opes!
Where from rough Winter bright emerg'd the hills
Shew verdant cloath'd, and beauteous; uplands gay
Clear'd of their whiten'd veſt long-held and bleak
Sparkle beneath the radiance of the Sun's
Meridian ſplendour; Nature ſmiles refreſh'd,
And greeneſt bloom again the earth inveſts.
Liſt to the joyful ſounds, where feather'd crowds
Reſume their ſong melodious, and in ſhrill
And lively bliſs, the thrilling pipe uptune.

As o'er the mead we wander, full the mind

A joyful

A joyful Impulſe knows, by ſocial bliſs
Around extenſive, univerſal, fired.
With all we ſympathiſe; expands the heart
Chear'd with the view, where fertile ſtores of earth
Are plenteous open'd; food to ev'ry beaſt,
And all the wing'd Creation; to each low
Reptile and Inſect, that from ev'ry plant
Derive their daily ſuſtenance; along
The graſſy turf diſpers'd they wand'ring ſeek
Their ſalutary fare, ſagacious each
To ſearch and to diſcover to each kind
Fitted a ſtore nutritious; ſoon ſhall come
With feſtive ſmiles adorn'd revolving Spring,
Shall ev'ry joy promote, and happieſt gifts
In diſtribution gen'rous deal to all.

With

With weaken'd wing the ſoaring Muſe deſcends;
Advent'rous hath ſhe tried her airy flight,
Thro' varied ſkies o'er hill and vale upborne
Obſervant; with the teeming hours of Spring
In richeſt hues adorn'd the glowing mead,
And ev'ry grove with burſting foliage crown'd;
In Summer's noon with ſick'ning Nature droop'd
Thro' the long day, and ſought the grateful ſhade,
Exhauſted; uſher'd in the dewy morn
With early way, and with the Nightly ſhade
And ſtarry radiance gave the world to Night.
Nor there fatigue aſſail'd, nor in her flight
The pluming wing by lively joy upborne
In journeys wiſh'd and pleaſing e'er reſtrain'd—
Lo! thence Autumnal ſkies invited clear,

And temp'rate, when no ardent beams diſtreſs'd
The heated Fancy, when of Summer's noon
The fiery blaze no more ſhone out intenſe,
Dazzling the view extenſive—Winter call'd
To flight ſevere and chill'd, but indiſpens'd,
Eſſential, to compleat the circling year.

The taſk perform'd, and damp't the falling wing,
Then farewell all! ye proſpects, Rural joys
Amuſive, various-changing ſcenes Adieu!

FINIS.